

SLAUGHTER HOUSE

MAGAZINE

No. 1 COLLECTOR'S EDITION

\$2.95 US. \$3.95 CANADA

**TERRORIZING
REVIEWS**

**SCREAM
QUEEN**

**JOHN CARPENTER
INTERVIEW**



**FRIGHT
NIGHT 2**



**LINNEA
QUIGLEY
INTERVIEW**



**THEY
LIVE**

**DEADLY SPAWN II:
METAMORPHOSIS!
FICTION! COMICS!**

**HORRIFYING
INDEPENDENT
SECTION**


MEAT THE CLEAVER

Art: Butch Belair
Color: Delux




Plot: Mark Gibson

NEXT: THE RAT TRAP!




Relax...It's only our editorial page.



Our premier issue has cooed off the press just in time for All Hallow's Eve, the favored night to laugh at death. Why? Simple. The low budget horror phenomenon is bursting the seams of American film. In the last three years domestic production has reached record levels, largely due to independent, direct-to-video distribution. In 1987 alone, one third of all horror titles went straight to video and the figures on 1988 look to be even more impressive.

With cold facts, we're sure that you'll be chilled by our penetrating John Carpenter film view, our eye opener (sic) with Linnea Quigley, the sure-to-surprise with Vic Muto.

And more.



We've also stuffed the covers with some terrifyingly original fiction, tons of gorilyingly gory splatter, reams of revealing reviews and the Leave It to Cleaver section, the mind-bending combination of words will please the most jaded fan of the fantastic, but don't worry. We're already sharpening our blades for the shocking Christmas issue. Interviews with other masters of mayhem, along with more grisly stories and reviews will make the Mass for Christ truly a time to celebrate.

So. "They" said we wouldn't, "they" said we couldn't, the "other" horror magazine even said don't, but we did it. The East of Horror Magazine has been unleashed. Trick or treat.

Till the next issue coagulates,

The Editors

Jim Whiting

Mark Gibson





LEAVE IT TO CLEAVER

Dear Cleaver: I am 24 years old and live in New York City. Last month, I worked on Wall Street, drove a SAAB 9000 and had a smart girlfriend with a big chest and natural blond hair. Then my mother cleaned out the attic of the house I grew up in. Cleaver, she threw out my comic book collection. Now I have nothing. My life is meaningless. I want to die. Can you suggest any quick and painless methods?

—Nothing left in Manhattan

Dear Nothing Left—

Sounds like your life was dead long before the comics left the attic. But enough on your problems. This seems like the perfect lead-in for a few thoughts on state-of-horror comics.

Artist Neal Adams returns to horror in Continuity Comics' **TRANSLYVANIA** trade paperback edition to ship late Sept., early Oct.

SILENT INVASION team Hancock, and Cherkas are putting together a new series called **SUBURBAN NIGHTMARES**.

Freddy's Everywhere Dept.

Freddy Kruegar, the face that launched an empire will be popping up in a TV Series for fall syndication, and after his appearance in *Eternities FRIGHT*, can comics be far behind or how about a Saturday morning cartoon. *Freddy's Playhouse?*

Look for an adaptation of Robert E. Howard's *Pigeons From Hell*... one of the best short stories of the 20th century. Notes Stephen King. The Graphic Novel is adapted and painted by Scott Hampton, and is available from Eclipse.

The truth more horrifying Than Fiction

Alan Moore, Bill Sienkiewicz, Joyce Brahmner, and Tom Yeates team up to bring you **BROUGHT TO LIFE**, an illustrated account of investigations that were ongoing before the Iran Scam, and the key figures involved, a tale of terror.

Frank Miller fans will want to pick up **DEATH RATTLE** #18 on sale this month. It's cover is done by Miller and Lynn Varley, and includes Jason P.S. Mueller, Bill Hartwig, Gerald Jones, Ron Wilber, Dog Pelter, and Steve Rabinic Tem. This issue is sure to be hot.

We may be wrong but, there seems to be an increasing number of rumors that Howard Chaykin's extremely 'hot' series **BLACK KISS** may well indeed turn out to be a vampire story. Stay tuned.

Pet Peeve of the Month

What happens to all the promotional items, comic companies ship to dealers to give out to customers? Well, if you noticed how many of your lo-

cal comic shops stopped giving them to you, it's because these 'free' items now go out to preferred customers who pay anywhere from \$15 to \$35 a year to get these 'free' items. Perhaps you spend \$40 to \$60 a week at your local shop? Forget it buddy you'd better chunk down that extra cash or you don't get jack.

**FREDDY'S
PLAYHOUSE?**



Dear Cleaver: Is it true that Steven Spielberg created the first "dead baby" jokes? My sister says that the guitar player for Megadeth made them up. Which of us are right?

I'm right, in Teaneck NJ

Dear Teaneck—

You're both out in the middle of a swamp on this one. The infamous "Babies, 'cause you can use a pitchfork" reply to the "what's easier to unload, a dumptruck filled with rocks or a dumptruck filled with dead babies" first spawned forth from the mouth of Paul "did you know McCartney was in a band before Wings" fame, when he was but a sturdy young enigma from Limey Land. But who cares about that bad boy from the bugs, when you could be regretting that you missed the glorifying makeup demonstration and photostigning party for **STREET TRASH** at the Video Connection in Manhattan, NY. The cast and crew had a good time, and so did the store's customers and employees, who were transformed into mutant geeks at the hideous hands of **Mike Lackey**. The Street Trash stars, **Roy Frankes**, **Frank Farel**, **James Lorins**, **Nicole Potter** and everyone's favorite—**Vie Noté** were all on hand to get their rocks off by signing autographs. Does this reunion mean there's going to be a **Street Trash 2**? Only time and a contract will tell....

Dear Cleaver: I wrote you a poem. I hope that you can use it.

"I hate my job,
I hate my wife.

I chopped my kid up
with a big sharp knife!"

—Rim Bowed in Houston, TX.

Dear Rim—

There is no way to beat around this bush. You're poetry strikes. The only reason I'm printing it is as a warning to all other aspiring jokers out



Mike Lackey works over one of the Channel employees.

there in never-never land. You couldn't even do Hallmark cards any justice. Hang it up, hang it, hang. On June 25th, the Horror Writers of America held their 1st (and hopefully annual) "Bram Stoker" awards dinner at the Warwick Hotel in New York. Use their winners list as a guideline for your reading list (you do read, don't you?), and maybe, just maybe, you'll learn something. *SH* staff writer Nathan Sturges stuffed his face at the dinner and

gave up this report:

Organized by Charles N. Grant, the 1st annual "Bram Stoker" awards dinner was attended by such luminaries as Frank Belknap Long, Fritz Lieber, Harlan Ellison, Robert R. McCammon, George R. R. Martin, and Joe Lansdale. Frank Long and Fritz Lieber attended as recipients of the Life-Time achievement awards.

A few points about the awards. Nowhere in the category description, or the pre-

acitation, is the word "best" used. Rather, the awards are presented "In Recognition of Superior Achievement." In addition, there can be more than one winner in any single category. These ideas were suggested by **Dean R. Koontz**, in an attempt to protect the awards from degenerating into an in-house popularity contest, or their becoming a forum for the bestowing of favor by a select few.

And on a personal note, we would like to extend our thanks to **Charles M. Grant**, whom, despite a myriad of details and problems to attend to, was most generous with his time. He gave us (the new kids on the block) the same quality attention as he gave to a heavy like **Harlan Ellison**. His efforts were most appreciated.

THE AWARDS

Superior Achievement: Novel
Winner: MISERY, Stephen King
Winner: SWAN SONG, Robert R. McCammon
Nominee: Live Girls, Ray Carlin
Nominee: UNSIGNED TERRITORY, Kern Nann
Nominee: ASH WEDNESDAY, Chet Williamson

Superior Achievement: First Novel
Winner: THE MANSE, Lisa Cantrell
Nominee: EXCAVATION, Steve Resnick
Nominee: THE DAMNATION GAME, Chue Barker
Nominee: THE HARVEST BRIDE, Tony Richards
Nominee: SLOB, Rex Miller

Superior Achievement: Novella
Winner: THE PEAR SHAPED MAN, George R. R. Martin
Winner: THE BOY WHO CAME BACK



Harlan Ellison and the 1985 Stoker's.

FROM THE GRAVE, Alan Rodgers
Nominee: PAMELA'S GET, David J. Schow
Nominee: RESURRECT TECH, S. P. Somtow

Superior Achievement: Short Story
Winner: DEEP END, Robert R. McCammon
Nominee: FRIEND'S BEST MAN, Jonathan Carroll
Nominee: THIS OLD MAN, Charles M. Grant
Nominee: DAT-TAY-VAO, & TRAPS, F. Paul Wilson
Superior Achievement: Collection

Winner: THE ESSENTIAL ELLISON, Harlan Ellison
Nominee: SCARED STUFF, Ramsey Campbell
Nominee: WHY NOT YOU AND I, Karl Edward Wagner
Nominee: MIDNIGHT PLEASURES, Robert Bloch
Nominee: ALL ABOUT STRANGE MONSTERS OF THE RECENT PAST, Howard Waldrop

Life-Time Achievement Awards
FRANK BELKNAP LONG
FRITZ LIEBER
CLIFFORD D. SIMAK

Dear Cleaver: I need your help. I think I'm losing my mind! There is too much out there! How can I possibly choose all by myself? Life is too short to spend wandering around being confused. I'm looking for your guidance, great Cleave... lead me to greener pastures...

Menthead, Tuscan, AZ

Dear Menthead—

Sounds like your boring, pathetic life has hit a brick wall. Good thing you came to me. You need to get out there and become a useful, productive member of this Slaughter House of a human race. Learn a skill, get married, find a job and then spend all of your hard earned cash on horror films. If you're the suffering artist type, you might want to check out a special effects school. SH caught up with 2 of 'em. One of the East Coast, and one out on the West.



EAST COAST FX SCHOOL

Offered twice a year, **Bert Roth's School of Television and Film Makeup** takes students through an extensive week long workshop that ranges from prosthetics to fashion and beauty makeup. "If someone wants to become a makeup artist, they can't only learn the gore effects, or just beauty makeup," says Bert. "They have to learn everything, especially if they want to get into one of the two major makeup unions and go where the work is. And Bert should know, with more than thirty years of experience behind him, along with high recommendations from gee hounds **Dick Smith** and **Bob Kelly**.

The classes emphasize the testing done by the industry unions. "They make it difficult. You have to be good, and you have to be fast. I teach the proper techniques, but the speed is up to the students to practice." The union exams are an all day affair. You have to build hair pieces, use blood, create cuts and bruises and of course do beauty makeup



Roth has been involved with special effects makeup since around 1969. "I took a course under the GI bill, at a place called **The Hollywood Beauty Academy**, on 42nd Street in New York. In those days, there wasn't anything to guide you along. Even the instructors were new at it." Eventually finding his home



as the supervisor of makeup at **ABC Television** (where he still works today), Bert has worked on numerous programs and even did short stints on the beloved **DARK SHADOWS** series.

For further information, write to **BERT ROTH**, 1344 Manor Circle, Pelham Manor, NY 10803.

Damon Charles, president of the Los Angeles based Institute of Studio Makeup Ltd., claims a 92% industry placement rate for Institute graduates. "But I don't play games with our students," says Damon. "I tell them the truth. It is not a fairy tale world out there where everyone will drop to their knees and say 'please work for me.' This is an industry that requires a person to have talent and the perseverance to make it. If you are not a pusher with talent, then don't get into the entertainment industry. Save yourself some agony and do something else. Only those with talent who promote themselves by showing their work to everyone they meet will make it. At the beginning, no one will come looking for you. You must let people know you're ready and willing to work and not be



Institute students are committed.

WEST COAST FX SCHOOL



afraid of rejection. There will always be more rejection than not, until you make a name for yourself."

The Institute admits only 12 students per class, which run 6 months. "Our students learn and do everything to become well-rounded makeup artists," says Damon, "not just beauty makeup artists, not just horror makeup artists and definitely not just makeup ap-

pliers." If you do choose to take a closer look at the Institute, don't be surprised if Damon is nowhere to be found; he's just signed a contract with **City Lights Productions** to direct upwards of 15 horror films.

For more info, send a SASE to The Institute of Studio Makeup, Ltd., 3497 Calhoun Blvd., West Hollywood, CA 90068-1338

Dear Cleaver: My mom won't let me buy **SLAUGHTERHOUSE** Magazine. I have a list of ideas on how to deal with this problem (I'm including them on a separate piece of paper). What'da'ya think?

—Angry in Albany

Dear Angry—

I cannot condone violence against one's family members, especially not against dear old mom (after all, she did give you that most precious of gifts, "the gift of life," didn't she?) Now that we have the legalities out of the way, I have to warn you about the first "idea" on your list. This will in no way guarantee that you'll be able to buy **SLAUGHTERHOUSE** Magazine in the future. If the police catch up with you, just forget about buying **SH** or anything else for that matter. The second, third, fourth and fifth ideas were interesting, though a bit graphic. It was the sixth and last idea on your list that really caught my eye. How did you get your hands on a pre-release copy of **THE BOOK OF THE DEAD** (a collection of unpublished short stories based on the theme of George Romero's **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** Trilogy, due out in 1989)? Bantam Books won't be too happy about this. Either will the writers (Stephen King, David J. Schow, Ed Bryant, Ramsey Campbell, Robert McCammon and Douglas Winter). There will be a limited edition with the art of J.K. Potter, so keep your sweetly illustrated letters ready, and while you're waiting, why not check out **HORRORFEST 1989**, the

Convention designed exclusively for Stephen King fans takes place the weekend of May 12-14 1989.

Guests include, **Tyson Blue**, **Bryan Moore**, **Douglas E. White**, **Charles Grant**, **Paul Dale Anderson**, and **Michael Collings** (uh-huh). All King buffs and fans should make arrangements early, write to: **HORRORFEST '89**

"WHAT AM I DOING?"



P.O. Box 277632, Riverdale, IL 60627-7632.

As we go to press, and you get this book into your slimy claws, the **WORLD FANTASY CONVENTION** is being held in London, England, October 28, 29, 30th. Guests appearances by writer **James Herbert**, artist **Michael Foreman**, fantasy writer **Diana Wynne Jones**, and master of ceremonies **Clive Barker**. Aside from the many activities, the World Fantasy Awards are presented for best novel, novella, short story, anthology, collection, and artist.

New from TOR...

IVORT a legend of past and future \$17.95

Sci-Fi by author **Mike Resnick**, past novels include **SANTIAGO**, and **THE DARK LADY**.

DISCIPLES OF DREAD/Hugh B. Cave \$17.95

Psychic powers, voodoo curses, and international intrigue from the author of **THE EVIL**, and **SHADES OF EVIL**.

CROWN OF STARS/James Tiptree \$18.95

Alice Sheldon at the time of her death was one of the finest science fiction writers. This

collection of unpublished short stories has never appeared in any of the Tiptree collections.

Dear Cleaver: Last week, my older brother Rick hit me in the face with a hammer. I'm going to inject peanut butter into his veins when he goes to sleep. I want to make sure that it's really slow and painful. Do you know of any statistics on this?

—Passed in Pittsburgh

Dear Passed—

I checked through our ample records and came up empty. After some clever cross-hairings, however, I came up with some strange stuff on peanut butter. Apparently, a long lost Amazon tribe used to rub peanut butter on the temples (those tender spots on the sides of your head, next to your eyes) of their children when they were bad. The punishment caused extremely horrid nightmares. The same kind of nightmares. I'm told, that many children used to have after watching **DARK SHADOWS** on TV in the sixties. This is lucky for you, dear passed, because the **DARK SHADOWS** series has returned to syndication in a growing number of cities across this great land of ours

(I'm not sure about Pittsburgh, but you can check the TV listings and find out for yourself).

For over two hundred years **Barnabus Collins** has roamed the night, watching those he loves fall prey to the curse that made him a vampire and brought with it many other creatures of the night. The vampire is **Jonathan Frid**, daytime's favorite ghoul.

DARK SHADOWS is back in syndication and long time fans are turning out in droves for conventions all over the country. New York area fans have been treated to the re-running of the series thanks to viewer supported **WNYC TV 31**, which has found a large support base by running cult shows such as **THE PRISONER**, **SECRET AGENT MAN**, and **DARK SHADOWS**, among others.

Jonathan Frid and his series

nemesis **Laura Parker** (Angelique) have been instrumental in helping the **DARK SHADOWS** conventions become a huge success through public appearances. The **DARK SHADOWS** convention goer can expect to meet the daytime creatures of the night, experience screamings of the series spawned films **NIGHT OF THE DARK SHADOWS** and **HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS**, not to mention catching rare bloopers from the show (which has become one of the main convention attractions).

SLAUGHTERHOUSE was at the recent **DARK SHADOWS** convention to cover all the goings on (carefully scheduled to successfully compete with the Republican convention held the same weekend), and to catch up with all the stars of the series that scared the hell out of this snot nosed kid during its original run in 1967. So, on to the convention and enough meandering.



Jonathan Frid tries out his FANGS.

Dear Cleaver: Why won't they just leave me alone?

Bewildered in Los Angeles

Dear Bewildered—
Probably because they are getting tired of waiting for the long heralded "serious" **Batman** movie. This one has supposedly taken steps in the direction of doing *The Batman*.



Laura Parker, Louise Schneider, Joan Bennett and Jonathan Frid.



The Dark Shadows Cast answer fan's questions.



right. And who, dear reader, could possibly play the role of The Batman more seriously than the one and only comic actor, **Michael Keaton** (after all, he's Clean & Sober, isn't he?). After much ado from DC comics about the serious handling of the caped crusader this time around, and the rejecting of **Adam West** for the role because of the general view that the TV series was campy, DC/Warner brothers seems to be heading straight for the version they promised to avoid. Looks like this one is gonna be as scary as the Mickey Mouse Club **Jack Nicholson** is rumored to be playing the one and only **Joker**. You die hard Batfans have to wait another ten years before someone tries this one again, so all you can do now is sit and hope, sit and hope, sit and hope...



"Holy executives, Batman, can they do that to you?" "I'm afraid so Robin, without our but **NERD REPELLANT?** there's nothing we can do."

SLIMETIME, East Genesee Street, #103, Syracuse, NY 13210

Hopeless individuals who will probably rot in the bowels of the earth, excellent reading for hardcore horror fans.

SCAREAPHANALIA, 85 Nordica Drive, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520

Always up to date and on the money, usually you can spend \$20 on Horror related material and find the most interesting read in the 50¢ **Scareaphania**.

ECCO, PO Box 65742, Washington DC 20365

Another scum sucking rag that deserves to be entered into the 'bleaze' hall of fame, and as it goes, one of the best around

FESTERING BRAINSORE, 249 Tremont St. #1, North Tonawanda, NY 14120

Great title, if it ever gets out.

Dear Cleaver: Ever since I was a little kid, everybody called me 4-eyes, 'cause I gotta wear glasses. One day this guy walked up to me and hit me in the face with a baseball bat. A piece of my glasses severed a bunch of muscles in my eye, so now I can only look straight ahead. Can you suggest anything to read, for people like me?

Russ, Stamford, CT

Dear Russ—
Sounds like what you need is

some killer-original-horror-writing; the kind made for people who follow their nose wherever it goes. I dug a couple of titles out from under my mattress. They're still pretty fresh (no mold on 'em yet).

THE HORROR SHOW Vol. 6 #2

Published quarterly, the **Horror Show** is 'the' place to find established authors and young horror writers starting out. This issue features **William F. Nolan**, fiction, interviews, and in-depth information on the writer, plus the usual high quality fiction, and art.

Phantasm Press, 14848 Mixey Springs Lane, Oak Run, CA 95069

ALTERNATIVE WORLDS #2 \$5.00

Issue two deals with fantasy more than horror but tends to cross over more than once. Poems, fiction, and misc. items of interest.

Alternative Worlds Publishing, 173 Collingwood St., San Francisco, CA 94114.

GRUE, #7 \$4.00

Features art, fiction, poems. "GRUE" has become a fan favorite amongst many small press collectors.

Hell's Kitchen Productions, Inc., PO Box 370, Times Square Station, New York, NY 10108

Dear Cleaver: Is it true that the editors of **SLAUGHTERHOUSE** are drunka bums on the lam from the police in 7 states, and that they sleep in the gutter and use the profits from SH to finance a pornography ring?

Rumored, in Butte Montana

No. Who told you that anyway, someone from that "other" horror magazine?

Dear Cleaver: My friend Eric says that Jello is made out of mutilated dead horse carcasses. Is that true?

Curious, in Cincinnati

Dear Curious—

Dead meat is a favorite topic here at SH. Your friend Eric is only partially correct. Gelatin, the most delicate of ingredients found in such fine products as the **Cosby Show**, **Head Cheese** and mother's favorite recipe (strips of bologna suspended in lime flavored Jello brand gelatin) actually is made from the hoof of the horse, and not from the entire body. If you shop around for a quality fanzine, you can usually find some delicious recipes in the back pages. Might I suggest...



PRIME CUTS

Some were saddened by the demise of cute, little Extra T., and some won't swim because of the short film. Then there are those that like their big production values to be rubbed with a little dead meat. In the theater or out on video, these are the **PRIME CUTS**: Big Budget Horror made for the big screen screen. Future issues will document the silver screen exploits of these Masters of the Macabre, the Lords of Gristle and the Meat Seeking Zombies, as only **SLAUGHTERHOUSE** can and will.



DEADLY SPAWN II: METAMORPHOSIS



The Telsa Corporation has been conducting experiments on the mutants.

BY TIM STENE

The generic engineering laboratory of the Telsa Corporation is in the business of making monsters of the mutant variety. Strange abominations and moushaped creatures, the results of illegal experimentation. Doctor Foster, while extracting fluid from a frog-like mutation nicknamed 'Spot', is distracted. Spot, seizing the opportunity, takes a chunk out of Foster's hand. Cells are exchanged causing man and beast to mutate. Before long,

things are out of control. Spot has escaped and Foster is changing into god knows what at an alarming rate. People are beginning to turn up dead. One victim's disappearance has aroused the suspicion of his daughters Sherry and Kim. Suspecting a cover up, they enlist the aid of friend Brian to find their missing father. What they find is corporate corruption, escaped mutants from the lab and the once human Dr. Foster, now a continuously mutating biological abortion

Their one chance of survival lies in the 'Atomic shotgun'.

Welcome to DEADLY SPAWN II: METAMORPHOSIS. Produced by Ted A. Bolan and Scott Morette, directed by Glenn Takanaka, this Petrified Films release promises to be a special effects extravaganza. If the name sounds familiar it should. The original DEADLY SPAWN released in 1983 is the spring board for this long awaited sequel. Did I say sequel? Well, not exactly, as producer Ted

Nicknamed "Spot," the mutated spawn that reintroduced the world to the DEADLY SPAWN.





George Gerant as Dr. Foster has been bitten and infected, Katharine Romanov tends to the wound.

A. Bohus explains "This is going to be a far superior film. I know that everybody says that very few sequels are as good as the original, which is true. That doesn't apply with this film, as it's not really a sequel. Going from DEADLY SPAWN to DEADLY SPAWN II: METAMORPHOSIS is a QUANTUM leap in quality."

The original DEADLY SPAWN was made for slightly over \$50,000. Twenty First Century Films distributed the film under the title: RETURN



Ted A. Bohus and Director Glenn Beckman.

After taking a bite out of Dr. Foster Spot is loose in the lab.





Marcus Powell as the morally crippled head of the Talon Corp.



The Spaw's growth is out of control, attacking Kim and Diana.



Checkin', the mutant dog, also has managed to escape the lab.



Metamorphosed spawn seems to have a thing for actress Tara Leigh.

OF THE ALIEN'S DEADLY SPAWN "They thought people might somehow think it was the sequel to ALIEN. I didn't like the idea, but they were in charge of distribution so it stuck," remembers Bohus.

The newest spawn creatures were conceptualized by artist R.S. Cole and brought to life by the effects crew of Paul Reilly, Brian Quinn, Patrick Shearn, Vincent Guastini, Pat Denver (son of...), Ken Walker, and Greg Ramondas, who along with Bohus and Morette also put together the special effects on First Films MINDKILLER and LONE-WOLF. Miniatures, claymation and animation on DEADLY SPAWN II: METAMORPHOSIS were provided by Taylor Made Images Ltd.

After putting SPAWN II together, Bohus and Morette struck a deal to do the film for a considerably larger budget and get the film done the way they wanted. "It's shot on 35 mm with union crews and a ton of effects, just about every effect there is, is in this film, matte paintings, mechanicals, animation, go-motion, make up effects, everything," explains Bohus. "Producing is fun from a standpoint that you're really in charge of getting a lot of the important parts



Dr. Foster's transformation.



The *F.I.* crew responsible for Foster's current state; (left to right) Brian Gunn, Vincent Guadagni, Paul C. Reilly, Pat Demsey, and Elyse White.



The *Spawn* that started it all

of the film together. It's also a lot of fun working with creative people like my partners Scott Morette and Glen Takakjian. Glen has the creative control on the film. He and I have worked together for a while on various things, so we think alike. Scott and I have worked out the producing end so we've got it down pretty good."

When I spoke to Bohus, shooting had wrapped with the exception of the grand finale (watch for an incredible documentation in the next issue). Due to a contract, the final metamorphosis of the creature is under wraps till filming is concluded. We will bring you the conclusion next issue, but till then, here's a hint of what to expect.

"**DEADLY SPAWN II: METAMORPHOSIS** takes **DEADLY SPAWN** one step further. In **DEADLY SPAWN** the creature is supposedly killed off, only to reveal at the end it wasn't. In **DEADLY SPAWN II: METAMORPHOSIS** a lab tests cells on various animals creating a variety of mutants, the same place multiply rapidly when accident is hit, he turns into ...

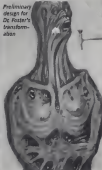
Bohus leaves us hanging till the conclusion and promises (after whetting our appetites) to reveal more on the fate of *Spawn*, the changing Dr. Foster, and of course the spawn of the deadly variety.

ARMED & DANGEROUS: BOHUS IS OUT AND LOOSE FOR *SPAWN II*



R.S. Galt.

Preliminary design for Dr. Foster's transformation



Concept art for the final *Spawn*.





LAUREL WILL RULE THE AIRWAVES WITH NEW TV SERIES

New York—Starting this November, Laurel Productions owns the airwaves. The Tribune Broadcasting Network is syndicating Laurel's latest bit of cathode ray tube nastiness, 30 minutes of weekly horror titled **MONSTERS**. The maestro himself, Dick Smith is supervising all of the special effects.

Mark Shostrom (*Phantasm II* and *Evil Dead 2*) breaks the sequelizer mode to direct and dabble in the effects of the first of 14 episodes to be shot out on the west coast. Long-time Laurel rogue Mike Gornick directed the delightful 600 pounds of Katy Dierlam in the first of 10 episodes to be shot in

New York.

"The format will be similar to *Darkside* series, in that each show will be a separate story, almost entirely shot in the studio," says Gornick, who directed an episode of *Darkside*. "The show is basically organized around the monsters, so we're pretty happy to have the maestro in on all of the effects."

Gornick's episode involves a fever that takes on a physical shape, 600 pounds of physical shape. But then a picture is worth a thousand words, so after your eyes gloss this baby over, start scouring those TV listings! —

FRIGHT NIGHT

PART 2



Peter Vincent and that troubled soul Wiley are back for more 'hairless' vampire hunting

BY BOB WRIGHT '93

Julie Carmen plots doom and destruction for poor Charley.



Roddy McDowall
as Peter Vincent.

Dee Dee, William Ragsdale and Roddy McDowall are out looking for a good steak, as I mean to 'stake' the vampires.

Charley Brewster has been having bad dreams. Brewster is in big trouble again. In 1989, Charley has a run in with the Vampire next door, his name was Jerry. Charley spotted him bringin' home some

pretty awesome babes. Charley likes to play peeping tom to his neighbor in between watching FRIGHT NIGHT on the tube and trying to get into his girlfriend's neighbors.

Well, you can see how any

red blooded American boy could get himself into a snafu situation. As peeping toms go, Charley just wasn't very good. He got caught right off the bat. Unfortunately Jerry has just finished sucking a voluptuous

babe dry and is on to Charley, who enlists the aid of his buddy "Evil" and the "Count Floyd" of horror (Peter Vincent, the fearless vampire killer). Women prove to be Charley's downfall as his friend turns into a werewolf and his girlfriend is seduced by Jerry the Vampire (something Charley had problems accomplishing). Eventually, through much hardship and sacrifice, Charley and Peter

Vincent overcome the slimy, despicable but sexy vampire, Jerry.

Out to 1995 Charley is now in college. He shares a room and has a new girlfriend named Alex. She's a psychology major, something Charley really needs like another arm-pit after three years of inter-

Jake Gorman

Charley's
First Love
FEIGHTNIGHT I

sive therapy. Charley is now convinced that his past episode is just a figment of his puberty stricken mind, although he still keeps in touch with his former idol, Peter Vincent. Once again, women prove to be Charley's downfall. This time Jerry's sister Regine has come to town looking for blood (Charley's), and has her tragic yet hip entourage in tow. They consist of Louie, who takes an interest in Charley's main squeeze, Belle, the ambiden-

Wangsten Regine and Belle in one of FRIGHT NIGHT 2's more seductive scenes.

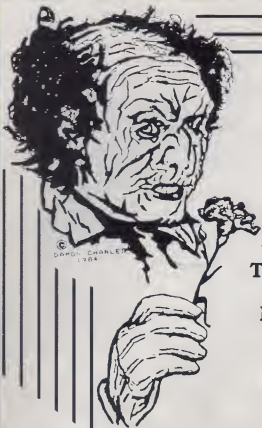


ferous vampire and Bazworth, who looks like he spends his spare time breaking pencils in half.

All of this is true, I swear. If you don't believe me, check out **FRIGHT NIGHT II** for yourself and don't say I didn't tell you so. Co-written and directed by Tommy Lee Wallace (**AMITYVILLE II: THE**

POSSESSION, HALLOWEEN III, TWILIGHT ZONE AND MAX HEADROOM) Special effects were coordinated by Rick Josephson and supervised by Brian Wade. Produced by Herb

Jaffe and Mort Engstberg, starring Roddy McDowell, William Baskdale, Julie Carmen and Tracy Linn. **FRIGHT NIGHT II** is sucking them in at big screens everywhere.



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"THEY LIVE"

OBEY



creatures from another galaxy

Media manipulation, and subliminal messages prey on the deprived and monetary hunger world in John Car-

penter's **THEY LIVE**. Set for October release by Universal/MGM, Master filmmaker Carpenter paints a bleak future for

PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY





PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

Local authorities enforce "JUSTICEVILLE" style.

the planet earth. Society has fallen into a state of ever widening class values, as one half of one percent of the world's population now controls the world's wealth. **THEY LIVE** asks the question

"How far are we willing to let our desire for money destroy the very planet that provides it?" Judging by the state of affairs today the answer isn't a very pleasant one. If things aren't dismal enough, Aliens



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

have begun to replace the wealthy, and turn our own media against us in order to drain earth of all natural and human resources. While most of society is forced to deal with poverty and crumbling civilization, others side with the aliens for their own gain. Carpenter makes us take a hard look at ourselves, and our values.

Enter John Nada, a loner who has been forced to live and learn on the streets. Nada is played by former wrestler **Betty Piper**, who states the character isn't exactly new to him: "In many ways this part was written for me. John and I spent a lot of time talking when we first met; I told him things about my life that I don't usually tell people, and he incorporated a lot of that material into this part, even down to specific incidents. I trust John completely, I could never do a picture where I had to be so revealed if I didn't trust him."

THEY LIVE also features actress **Meg Foster**, whom audiences may remember as 'Evil-Lyn' in **MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE**. Foster plays Holly, an employee of cable channel 54 which sends out it's evil subliminal broadcasts to the unsuspecting masses. "Holly represents a certain kind of ambition that's really not that uncommon in life. She's our close-up look at someone who has something to lose by 'waking up' and acknowledging the aliens broadcast," Foster explains. Rounding out the cast is **Keith David** who made his first film appearance in another John Carpenter film the now 'classic remake' of **THE THING**, opposite **Kurt Russell**. **Peter Jason** plays Gilbert, the underground organizer of *Justiceville* (the city in which the action takes place). Special make-up effects are handled by **Frank Carasosa**. This is his second collaboration with Carpenter, the first, **PRINCE OF DARKNESS**. Carasosa recently completed production on **BETLE JUICE**, and **EARTH GIRLS ARE EASY**.

Elaborating more on his second film with Carpenter, Carissosa says "Even though the message in **THEY LIVE** isn't comic, I think the visual effects needed to have a certain kind of campy, gruesome humor, and that's what we tried for. In some ways, it's like real life...things are rarely all sad or all happy. If we can make this movie a little bit funny and a lot scary, it will get under people's skins much more. I think that's what John wants...to create an image people will find hard to forget."

THEY LIVE is John Carpenter's second film for Executive producers **Shep Gordon**, and **Andre Blay's Alive films**, and probably his most prolific to date. One can only wonder in which direction the master film director will steer the third, and fourth remaining films of his contract but for now **THEY LIVE** and so does the diversified John Carpenter. —



Photo © 1988 by MCA Home Video. All Rights Reserved. Photo © 1988 by MCA Home Video. All Rights Reserved.

Candid Carpenter on **THEY LIVE**, **THE THING**, and the long awaited **ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK** Sequel!



"Basically the same as 'They Live'."

BY STEVE CAMRELL

Your new film **THEY LIVE** is due out in October. I understand that it carries a pretty heavy social message about the homeless and our society in general.

Yes, pretty much so. It's a political thriller as much as it's a science fiction film. The message is that the Reagan revolution has been run by and is being run by alien creatures from another galaxy and they are dismantling the middle class, making all of us more poor unless we are willing to join up with them, in which case we become rich. Basically the aliens are Republicans.

Do your films have a philosophy? For example, in **PRINCE OF DARKNESS** you have a breakdown of logic at the subatomic level. All your films carry some type of



After, prepare for the next scene.

message

They do, and the specifics are different in each one. But they all generally have to do with the breakdown of order and the loss of control. The main character usually loses control of their lives in one way or another.

How was working with Roddy Piper, that madman of wrestling?

(laughing) Well, I met him at Wrestlemania III. It was his last match and there's something about him that attracted me in terms of his being an actor. He's got a unique quality. Charisma?

He does, but he's also a very talented actor. He wanted to make a transition from wrestling into feature films, so we got together and we came up with an idea to do this story which had been running around in my head for a while, using him as the main character. I cast him as one of the working poor, which is different from the kind of clichés you see or are led to believe, that of the homeless sitting

around all the time. Working poor are fellas who move around the country getting jobs where they can.

So you and Piper spent a lot of time putting his role together, drawing off his own experiences as a young homeless youth.

That's right, there's a lot of him in there, but a lot of it is very fictionalized.

What got John Carpenter interested in horror?

Well, when I was a kid growing up in the fifties in a small town, I went to see every horror or science fiction film that came along. I suppose that started me on the road. I was less interested in horror than science fiction. When I got into high school and college I started to read a lot of Edgar Allen Poe and H.P. Lovecraft.

Books more so than comics?

Both. EC comics also had a great influence on me, but again I was extremely interested in the science fiction aspect. When I got into the movie business I made HALLOWEEN which immediately type-

cast me as a horror director. People assumed I could only do horror movies. I love them, but you know there's so many things (pause) Jack has a way of transforming you into something you're not completely.

As you perhaps set out to be.

I don't know anybody that has an exact way to become what they set out to be, you wanna be a director and you want to do a lot of different kinds of films. But listen I love horror films.

You do all the scores for your films. Did you at one time want to be a musician rather than a filmmaker?

That was one possibility I thought about going into. I was in a rock and roll band that was doing pretty well in the town I was in. We could have gone on from there and gave it a shot, but I felt I had to give myself a chance in movies. It had always been the love of my life.

What instruments do you play?

My film scores are all done on a synthesizer, basically all keyboards, but in "real life" I can play guitar, violin and piano.

Alice Cooper was in **PRINCE OF DARKNESS**. Have you ever played or jammed with him?

"...that becomes a tremendous burden for somebody making a 35 million dollar film."



"...you start making decisions that are based purely on commerciality. I wanted to base my decisions on the heart."

No, I haven't.
Your four film deal with Alive Films, how did that come about?

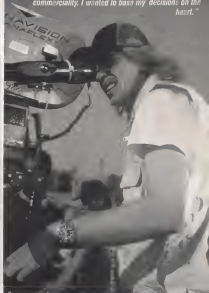
Well, I had an experience with a major studio which I was not very happy with. I got a new agent and said what I would really like to do is go back to my roots and do small budget films again. Ones in which I'm basically responsible for whether they're good or bad, under a low budget we have much more of a chance to make money and I can get total control. So Andre Blay and Shergurdon became my business partners. We structured the deal in such a way that before we start shooting the film, we're all gonna profit. So that's really not the issue anymore, which is a tremendous burden for somebody making a \$5 million dollar film. You have to try to make that investment back, so you start making decisions that are based purely on commerciality. Well, I got tired of doing that. I wanted to base my decisions on my heart.

How did the dream sequence in *PRINCE OF DARKNESS* come about?

It's very simple. I shot it myself with a video camera and then re-photographed it off a television screen.

The figure in the doorway was very haunting, what was left unsaid carried a lot of impact.

The idea is that we're dealing with a physics problem, basically of dreams from the future and sub-atomic particles traveling back in time. I got fascinated back in '85, '86 with quantum mechanics and began to fool around and see if I could come up with some stories. It's very weird with, as you said, the breakdown of logic, but that was one small facet of it I could visualize



John Carpenter

merous interviews that was his favorite film to do and he would love to do another one. Is there any possibility that you'll do one?

Yeah there's a definite possibility, we have a script, it needs to be rewritten, it's

beyond your control. You don't always get to do what you want. The company that owned *ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK* was bought and sold several times and it ended up at DeLaurentis Entertainment Group, DEG, and they just de-

"I got fascinated with quantum mechanics and began to fool around, see if I could come up with some stories."

There are a lot of rumors that have been around for a while about a sequel to *ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK*. Kurt Russell has said in nu-

called *ESCAPE FROM L.A.* We all recognize it's about fifty percent there. But I think the real issue is that here in Hollywood sometimes things are be-

clared bankruptcy. When DeLaurentis took over, he very much wanted me to do the film but always some little voice said, "watch out". I love Dino a

lot. I think he's great. I've worked with him a couple of times, never worked with him as a director. I had a feeling something was amiss. You know one never knows about these things.

How do you feel about sequels in general?

Mixed. I couldn't figure out how to make a sequel to HAL-LOWEEN. I just really couldn't without remaking it. The difference between a sequel and a remake is really what we're talking about. If you do a sequel to a story, well then you continue the story. But if you make a remake, then you're really just repeating it, and what I think audiences and film distributors want to see is a remake. They just want to see the same film again and that's depressing. So unless it's something new, or a different idea or even a further examination, then I have a little problem with it. I didn't say I won't do one, it just means they're not automatically my favorites.

Let me ask you about THE THING. It has become the modern day standard that horror films are measured up against, especially the effects end, the most current example being Chuck Russell's THE BLOB.

It's fascinating. You see when I made THE THING and it was released, it was reviled by everybody, hated. I remember CINEFANTASTIQUE put out this issue on it saying this is perhaps the most hated horror movie of all time. I was put down for it pretty badly and a lot of people still think I did a really terrible job on it. I'm very proud of the film. It's amazing, every one of the films I make somehow when they come out they get bad reviews. Then later people say why don't you do films like that. So I don't get it.

What's your favorite film you've done so far?

I have several. I don't know that I can differentiate because I like each of them. Each film I make is like a kid, you do the best you can and send it out in the world and see how it does. I have a fondness for each picture I've done.

You're still editing THEY

"...when I made THE THING

and it was released, it was

reviled by everybody, hated."

LIVE.

Yeah, I'm just about done.

I understand that the aliens wear Rolo's and drive Beemers.

Yeah, the aliens wear Rolo's, they allow them to disappear, or appear, that's their safety net. Basically they look like, well, if you don't have these special glasses they look like people, rich people, but with these glasses they look like these rotting horrible things.



They use subliminals?

The subliminal messages that are coming out of television sets hypnotizes us into believing in them and their cause.

Wow, any future film plans?

Not at the moment. I'm entertaining the idea of some bigger film to do, one movie to interrupt the four, but I may not. I'm not sure yet, after finishing this film I've got to take a little time to recharge.

Perhaps in the future we could do a more comprehensive interview, and you could keep us up to date on your newest projects?

Yeah, that would be great.



RODDY PIPER ON THEY LIVE

Tell us about your role in THEY LIVE

Well, John Carpenter watched me wrestle at the Silverdome and supposedly Hollywood didn't have any real men. They were looking for guys that looked like they had a few kids and had been around. I certainly fit the bill. My character, John Nada, is what you'd call one of the "working homeless." They are the folks who don't take charity, they work but they don't have a permanent residence. The movie has a basic social comment. I'm an old street person so I know what it's like to live on the streets.

Did you do your own stunts?

Yeah, I did all my stunts. They weren't too wild about that but I just jumped right in there and did them.

Do you have any future film plans?

Yeah, I'm looking at Arnold Schwarzenegger's next film. I've got the script and I've been reading it. I've also got some other press things and I just want to see what's good for me and what's not.

Well THEY LIVE looks like it'll be a success.

Yeah, there's been a lot of pressure on me since I made the change to me as well in this field as I did in the other field. They won't accept anything less and it's a whole different ballgame. But, you want to know something, it's going up against the odds and we've done that once or twice before.

"...we have a script called

ESCAPE FROM L.A."



REVIEWS



ONCE IS NEVER ENOUGH! *Phantasm II*



So what are you looking at, Mom?

**A Universal/MGM release
A Don Coscarelli Film**

What to do with an exceptionally tall man who has been robbing graves across middle America, unchecked, for nine years? Drag out the chainsaws, saw off the shotgun, and heat up the flame-thrower, hit the road road and start looking for the girl of your dreams. And of course, your worst nightmare.

Yes, it's been that long since the tall man stalked the big screen, and he's definitely brought along a few surprises.

In 1979 Don Coscarelli released his low budget **PHANTASM** on an unsuspecting public, and pulled off the sleeper hit of the now-dead-and-buried drive-in circuit. In **PHANTASM II** Coscarelli gives the film an 80's facelift, including the necessary baggage most major horror releases carry. With any film of this kind, we have to have a young, pretty girl, who has incredibly high morals to represent good. You can be sure there's someone who reads

these scripts and says "Where's the girl, we have to have a beautiful girl! This girl is Liz (Paula Irvine) who has mysteriously grown up with Mike the small boy from the first film via a mental mind link. But aside from the formula baggage, **PHANTASM II** is fun & clever. Coscarelli makes no bones about these contexts, and is able to throw a few additional hooks our way.

Angus Scrimm's reprised role is certainly one of the more enjoyable performances. His under-lying humor and grim demeanor could have him going up against **Freddy** and **Jason** for the crown of sequel kings. Coscarelli goes so far as having Scrimm re-enact the scene where he scares the small boy searching the Mortuary by grabbing him from behind (this time it is the heroine who

is on the receiving end). **Reggie Bannister** also returns to play Reggie, the former Good Humor man and **James Le Gros** plays Michael Pearson, who has been locked away in an insane asylum since his encounter with the tall man in the first film. Mike is released and teams up with Reggie to scour the country side in search of the big guy. Weapons in tow, they come across deserted towns that have fallen prey to the evil alien/mortician. These scenes of deserted ghost towns and desecrated cemeteries give the film a dark mysterious feel. Coscarelli pulls it off with ease and keeps you in suspense because you're never quite sure just what is going to happen next, or when the tall man will make his presence known.

PHANTASM II isn't going to change the face of horror, or go



Movieguide: ANGUS SCRIMM and the tall added a few new techniques.

down in history as one of the classics, but it's not supposed to. Keeping that in mind, it's one of the more enjoyable sequels to come out. As for **PHANTASM III**; it's not over till the fat lady sings, or at least until the tall man goes home.

By Steve Cambell

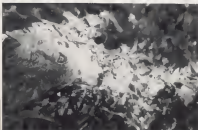
—Rolled round roast.

DeMunn is fun in his reprise of the role he played in **THE HITCHER**, as is **Donovan Leitch** in his role as the Clearasil-kid-football-player, who gets blobbly blobbed 20 minutes into the film. **Lyle Conway** should and won't get an Oscar for his special effects work. The translucent bioblob blob scenes were fun-

film. A few of the really choice complaints were "Too many ideas for 115 minutes," or "Perhaps the monkey goes bad because of the bad acting it must endure." In the same breath these news hours darlings recommend **COCKTAIL** (speech, sure thing, budgd!). This seems to be rampant, misplaced and very under-served "Horror Bashing" written by critics that are too embarrassed to admit that they wouldn't even understand the plot line. Were these people at another movie? This sure wasn't the film I saw. Perhaps they slept through it or left early? Such appear to be the case, as every review basically said the same thing. Even if you're not a Romero fanatic, this is Good Horror. **MONKEY SHINES** breaks new ground for Romero and makes steps in proving once and for all that Romero isn't just a "Dead" filmmaker (sic). **MONKEY SHINES** is the best horror film seen since **STUART GORDON'S REANIMATOR** and sure, there's been plenty of comparisons, but when Gordon hits you over the head with a crowbar, Romero slips it to you and feeds you each broken tebeo a spoonful at a time. Romero should continue in this direction. **Jason Beghe** is convincing in his role and manages to throw some humor into his part, overlooked by those without a sense of humor to appreciate it. Fans have been rumbling about the lack of Saurin soundtracks, but **MONKEY SHINES** doesn't need them. Sometimes, the subtler the horror, the greater the terror and **MONKEY SHINES** delivers. I only hope horror fans aren't so god hungry that they let this film slip away unappreciated. "Horror Bashing" has become the critic's pet project, ignorantly spewing out that horror films are not to be taken seriously by anyone who "knows" film. Personally, I have had enough "Horror Bashing" to last a long while.

—Roy Weitzner

—Standing Rib Roast



What it is nobody knows.

THE BLOB Tri Star Pictures A Chuck Russell Film

Chuck Russell's remake of **THE BLOB** is big budget, pulpy fun. The blob starts rolling 15 minutes into the film and the roller-coaster doesn't stop till credit time. Blobbly blob blob. It has been thirty years since Blob last fell from the sky and this time (surprise) the effects are much more graphic/stunning. Blobbly Blob Blob. This time around, we have an angry blob with an honest conscience. The "bad man" from the government is carefully picked out and blobbed up. Blobbly Blob Blob.

Cowriter's **Frank Darabont** and Russell didn't deviate too much from the 1958 original. The meteor crashes nearby a small town, releasing the gelatinous ooze that starts to eat things. This time, however, we are treated to the introduction of teenage-biker-hero **Kevin** (my brother can act, don't ya know) **Dillon**. Blobbly Blob Blob. **Jeffrey**



tailed

Shawnee Smith is great if you can stomach the cheerleader turned Rambo bit at the end.

Blobbly blob blob.
—A Bit Too Lean

MONKEY SHINES Orion Pictures A George Romero Film

Most of the overpaid critics lined up to take a shot at this



THE SUBTERRANEAN BUTCHER SHOP

The Low Budget Horror Phenomenon is splattering America with a vengeance not seen in over 20 years. New Low Budget Nightmares have been popping up like flies in an outdoor, so read on, as SLAUGHTER-MOUSE takes its back on value judgments: some films are good, some films are bad, some films are good BECAUSE they are bad. The SUBTERRANEAN BUTCHER SHOP proudly brings you the dark, the secret, the sublime, the shock that rocks.



SLIME CITY

Alex has just moved into a new apartment building, life girlfriend won't give up the goods and his best friend is the kind of guy you just know had problems in the high school boy's lockerroom. If the impending walls of mediocrity weren't enough problems for him, along comes Nicole. She lives down the hall and she knows what to do with the boys in the lockerroom. Things are never quite the same for Alex. In fact, they become downright sting.

SLUM LORDS FROM HELL OOZE INTO TOWN!

Welcome to **SLIME CITY**, the film where no one is really who they seem to be. Produced by Marc Makowski, Gregory Lamberson and Peter J. Clark, written and directed by Gregory Lamberson, **SLIME CITY** made it a premiere screening in New York City. After the unveiling, **SLIME CITY** settled into a three week run, playing opposite **HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS**.

During a recent conversation, Makowski informed me that the good turnout at the box office extended the original three week run when **SLIME** was said to have pulled substantially better than **CHAINSAW HOOKERS**. The extended run and positive audience reaction is credited to the all out, no holds barred splatter climax. People weren't exactly puking in the aisles but they were in no mood for steak either.

Aside from the splatter-your-brains-against-the-wall effects in the conclusion, both Robert C. Sabbin and Mary Humer turn in a performance that deserves mention. Sabbin plays a convincing innocent, corrupted by the big city ways of devil worship and the ways of the flesh. I've seen this type of role fumbled in other films as the character changes paces and almost always loses the viewer interest. Most of the time I couldn't care less and eagerly await the would be hero's demise. Sabbin takes you through this with his portrayal of Alex and leaves your interest intact.

Mary Humer stands out in her dual roles of Lori (Alex's uptight girlfriend) and Nicole (the vamp with the kinky sexual appetite and the fridge full of weird boxer you don't want a hangover from). The extremes of Humer's roles, good/evil, virgin/tramp showcase her versatility. I couldn't tell that she acted both parts until the credits rolled. One scene has Humer as Lori, clutching a decapitated head and jamming a long knife deep inside



Lori's 'killing' remarks don't seem to faze Alex.

of it. The kinky implications tickled my darker side.

SLIME CITY was filmed in New York City with a \$100,000 budget. Several drafts for video release are currently being negotiated in the U.S. and a Japanese deal has already been secured. Ma-

kowski tells me that the **SLIME CITY** people aren't sitting back resting; several projects are in the works. We'll keep you informed but in the meantime keep your eyes peeled on your local video stores till the **SLIME** slips into your CITY.

By Dave Cichelli

**FOR IMMEDIATE
RELEASE**

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**EXCLUSIVE EVIDENCE
LINKS TROMA FILMS
TO BRAIN DISORDERS**

DR. SCHUL SCHUL
SEN came and
ADVERTISING
ACTION HUNTER
a tape loop set of the



ending of **STORY OF A JUNKIE**, and stuck in the screen, so see it your four I didn't, the t

break. So Joey, the guy in the wheelchair over there, fixed the loop, but he got it on backwards. So it jammed up pretty

quick, and made a mess out of the tape deck. But, the loop it jammed. You know? Before it jammed, I saw this weird stuff. I mean, like REALLY weird. And then all of a sudden, I hated every **TROMA** film ever made, like REALLY hated it, you know? I stuck **BLOOD HOOK** into the deck, and smashed my cigarette out on the play button. I felt better, like at peace with everything you know? Joey, the guy over there in the wheelchair, he got it going, you know? He goes and grabs a copy of **IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE**, and like plays it on the enormous rear projection monitor right? And then he cranks the volume, changed my life. I mean, like the whole experience changed my life, you know? I see Stewart directing out a serious splatter scene? I mean if one guy's dead, and the other one really looks dead, and well, like the whole thing intense.

So I figured that it must be coming from the audio part, cause like the rush was when he cranked that volume. Joey, the guy over there in the wheelchair, and I decided to, you know, try some things. So



we played the **MONSTER IN THE CLOSET** with the image turned off, and kept **WONDERFUL LIFE** nearby, in case things got weird again. They didn't. So we tried listening to it backwards, which wasn't easy; for real, it was like a serious pain to do. But Joey, the guy over there in the wheelchair, he's like really good at that stuff. I don't know how he did it, but he got the tape going backwards. Nothing happened. We listened to the entire movie. Nothing. So then we watched it going forward, without the sound on, figuring that maybe it was, like, a combination of the sound mixing with visual, and so we just sat there watching it. We didn't even notice it happening, that's how subtle it is. I kept backing up certain scenes, and playing with the skew on the playback deck. It wasn't until I was backing up a scene, and Joey, the guy in the wheelchair over there was playing with the skew, that I saw it. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, you know? It



Troma's **WAR** sure to explode across screens anywhere.

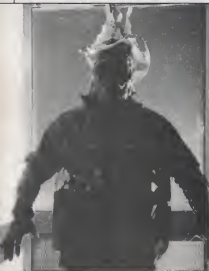


sort of hummed and glowed in it's own special way, but like, I can't really describe it, cause it was like, too beautiful to be described in words, you know? So I stopped the tape, and chopped a piece of the out, and stuck it under a microscope, and started to separate the little magnetic particles. You wouldn't believe how small those little particles are; they're like really small. So like I eventually isolated the flecks that really stood out,

and I assembled them and started to mess around with them, trying to see what was making that weird humming, and stuff, and I noticed this like tiny writing all over these weird specks. Right? One of them was pretty big, like big enough that I could read the stuff on it pretty easy, you know? And it said: **TROMA = WORLD PEACE**. That's it. That's all it said, I asked Joey, the guy over there in the wheelchair, if he knew what it

meant. He's like, really good with stuff like that, you know? And he told me that **TROMA** claims to be responsible for world peace because every country that didn't get **TROMA** films is at war, or something like that. Then I dug out another fleck of magnetic stuff. It said **TOXIC AVENGER II COMING SOON**. So asked Joey, the guy in the wheelchair over there, if he knew what it meant. He's like really good with stuff like that. He says that **TROMA** shot **TOXIC II** in some place called Japan, or something like that. I looked back down at the magnetic fleck, and noticed that it was, like hatching or something, you know? Like an egg or something. This word cooed out of the side and really freaked me out, you know? **WAR COMING SOON**. This one I figured out by myself, with Joey, the guy sitting over there in the wheelchair. But I was wrong. It was a movie by **TROMA** titled **WAR**, and not... well, next thing I know, is like the end of this article.

KILLING SPREE



Filmmaking can be a thoroughly exhausting yet deeply rewarding endeavor. The writer transposes an idea into words, the director turns words into pictures and the actors animate the pictures. It is the producer who brings them all together.

"It seems that most of the time the director, actors and actresses get all the acclaim when in reality, it is the producer who is responsible for getting things off the ground," stated Al Nicolosia. Producer of **KILLING SPREE** a new horror film. "If it wasn't for the producer the people wouldn't have anything. He goes out and brings all the people together."

KILLING SPREE, the story of an irrational husband who is driven to murder by his wife's erotic diary, was more than simply a "producing" experience for the Operations Engineer at WTEC-TV in West Palm Beach, Florida. "Working on a low-budget film like **KILLING SPREE** is much different than producing a big budget film. The producer's role is different," notes Nicolosia. "On a bigger budget film the producer gets all the people together and then just steps back and lets the director

*"It was shot in my house,
I won't use my house
again. There was a lot of
damage done."*

go ahead. They let the production manager keep the wheels turning. On a small budget you've got less people to work with consequently the producer's walking around wearing four or five different hats trying to make sure everything comes off."

KILLING SPREE producer Al Nicolosia tells of the terror of love, the undead, and working on low budget horror.

Casting director was just one of the numerous hats Nicolosi wore for **KILLING SPREE**. "I was totally involved in that," notes the former Camden County College student. "I sent out notices in local playhouses, modeling schools, charm schools. Anyone, anything in the area. We had people show up, we video taped them, and we made our decisions from there. We needed somebody who could pull it off and would work for free. Anyone interested in doing it really wasn't that good. They may be attractive but they couldn't do the acting." Eventually, Nicolosi found a actress from California who fit the part and cast her for the 12-day shoot.

"They all wanted to see the female lead take her clothes off..."

Nicolosi literally spent every waking moment working in some capacity on the project. "I was working my full-time job, 12-8 shift, using the day time hours running here and there getting whatever needed to be done during pre-production. Talking to people who would possibly be interested in investing in the picture, talking to prospective actors and actresses, getting contracts signed. I was really going 16-18 hours a day be-

tween my full-time job and the film. Several weeks before we shot I took off using up all my vacation time during the entire shoot."

"The hardest part was trying to explain to my wife, who was out of town what was done to our house while she was away."

The script for **KILLING SPREE** was written by director **Tim Ritter** in 1987. Nicolosi had met Ritter while working a part-time job in a video store several years earlier. "He (Ritter) came in trying to distribute a film that he had written and directed which was shot on Super 8," remembers Nicolosi. "He edited it and had it transferred to video tape and was trying to sell it locally in the West Palm Beach area. We just struck up a conversation and it went from there."

The two had a mutual interest in making films and a partnership was formed. They produced a made-for-video movie entitled **TWISTED ILLUSIONS** (the title later became the name of their production company) a "Twilight Zone" type anthology which was distributed locally with moderate success. Nicolosi did a little of everything from shooting it to assisting in the editing, working closely with Ritter and sel-

low filmmaker Joel Wynkoop.

After sending out copies of **TWISTED ILLUSIONS** to various contacts, a Chicago company called **Peerless Films** responded. "They expressed some interest in the film and then negotiations went back and forth with Tim Ritter eventually selling them a script." That script, **Truth Or Dare: Critical Madness** was to be Nicolosi's and Ritter's first taste of a big budget



"Peerless Films brought their own group of people in," noted Nicolosi. "They got some local talent and they had some people from Miami, technical people. Tim's role was to direct the film. I went up to Chicago to try and get financing for the film but they decided they wanted to bring in their own people from there and they brought in a producer from Chicago who went on to produce the film. They came in and shot everything."

"They (Peerless Films) wanted to spend a lot of money. The producer advised

them it was going to cost X amount of dollars. I think the final budget was \$200,000. He decided that was what it was going to cost and he got his salary and paid the cameraman and went from there," states Nicolosi.

And while KILLING



Leona russo
(Courtney Love)
and
Joel Winkopp.

send them a copy of the film won't sit down and spend 90 minutes of their time or even a few minutes to see what the film looks like. Maybe they're getting so much material that they're finding low-budget films are not worth their while right now."

Once he found an interested distributor, they immediately wanted changes made in the film. "The major comment was that there wasn't enough blood in the film. They all wanted to see the female lead take her clothes off. They felt we were teasing the audience. They wanted more and expected to see more. This has a lot to do with the problems we've had trying to distribute the film. To remedy this we considered shooting inserts at several points along the way but then we had someone who we thought was going to distribute the film the way it was. It didn't work out."

If he could do it all over again, would he? "I'd make KILLING SPREE again but I'd do a few things differently," said Nicolosi. "I'd make a tighter trailer first of all, some-

thing that really grabs people. I'd make sure all the technical aspects of the film; lighting, sound, continuity are solid. Spending a little more time in pre-production so that the product looks more professional. The biggest thing I'd change is the location. It was shot in my house—I wouldn't use my house again. I think that was a big mistake. There was a lot of damage done. It's tough on a set to begin with but when it's your home and you're not paying people money they're very careless."

The film is completed and it's time to move on to the next project. KILLING SPREE II? "Maybe, it's possible. It depends on the success of this film. Everything's based on the success of KILLING SPREE. So much time, effort and money was put into this film that we really need to get it out there on the shelf. After that, I'd like to get back to writing. I have a comedy I have been working on for a long time but I've been so involved in our other film I haven't really sat down to work on it."

by Tim Byrne

SPREE'S distribution is still being negotiated. Nicolosi remembers how TRUTH OR DARE found distribution. "Peerless Films distributed it by spending a lot of money on advertising. Even before the film was completed they took out full page ads in Variety. They spent a lot more than we spent on KILLING SPREE. I understand they had some problems after they went on to complete the film. I'm not sure they're still in business."

Distribution is, as far as Nicolosi is concerned, the most difficult and frustrating aspect of KILLING SPREE. I thought the hardest part would be getting money to finance the film and getting people together and actually making the film. But that seemed to be the easiest part. "The problem is not only that many of the distributors out there are 'rip-off artists,' but often it is a task just to get a phone call answered or a door opened. "A lot of times they won't even give you the time of day and even after you



Asbestos Peit as Tom Russo seems to be ahead of the situation.

THE QUEEN OF THE SCREAM QUEENS (or How Linnea Quigley Destroyed My Life).



By BOY WESTONER

"You see doctor, the problem started some time ago. Tell me about it Mr. Weston. We have plenty of time. Start at the beginning." Well it all started the first time I saw her in... "Who?" The Queen of the Scream Queens." "Go on." "Anyways as I was saying, I first saw her several years ago in **DON'T GO NEAR THE PARK**, and in **SAVAGE STREETS** with Linda Blair.

"They were kinda small parts, and it was a couple of years ago, but there were a few scenes in **Savage Streets** that were, well... anyways my life was still pretty normal at that time. I mean it hadn't gotten that bad yet. I had a steady job and a steady girl, and things were kinda lookin' up. Then in 1984 **Silent Deadly Night** came out. She was there doc, I swear to God it was her!" "Who?" "The Queen of the Screams Queens!" "Oh, I see..." I wasn't sure at first, I had to go back several times to check the credits, but sure enough it was her. Things got a little shaky for a while doc, but time passed and I was alright. Christ a whole year passed by and I almost completely forgot all about her. Then my life changed forever. **Return of the Living Dead** came out, and nothing was ever quite the same. "Good film huh?" "Forget the goddamn film, she was incredible as Trash, the death infatuated punk who takes her clothes off and dances naked on top of a tombstone. Jesus doc, you should have seen it, **SHE WAS THE...**" "Calm down, please sit down Mr. Weitzner." "Sorry doc, every time I ever think about it I get all bent out of shape, all hot and bothered..."

"Please continue..." "Alright, alright, so that was the beginning of the end. Once **Return of the Living Dead** was released on video tape, I'd watch it over and over again. Sometimes I'd even wake up in the middle of the night just to watch it again. So far I've worn out three copies..." "That's it?" "Oh no doctor, not by a long shot. Then came **Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers**; I thought I'd withstood the worst, and nothing could surpass what I had already seen. I thought I had seen it all, but nothing could've prepared me for that. **HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS** was the straw that broke my camel's back. The dance of the virgin chain saws, that was it doc, the Dance of the Virgin Chain saws." Please, calm down.

"You are here seeking my professional help Mr. Weitzner. Cooperate with me, or we won't be able to get to the heart of your problem..." "That's just the problem doctor, you see at this stage, along came **Creepozoids, Sorority Babes in the Slime Bowl**, and my life

was out of control. I'd watch everyone and anyone who came over and over again, rewinding to my favorite scenes. Eventually everyone stopped coming to see me, and now have no friends. I no longer found my girlfriend attractive and when I suggested she sit

This picture should explain Ray Weitzner's present condition



her hair blonde, she walked out on me. Recently **NIGHTMARE SISTERS** was released, and I WAS A **TEEN-AGE SEX MUTANT** is due out soon. I don't know what to do. I can't eat or sleep. I lost my job, because I couldn't make it to work on time since I'd stay up all night watching her films. I can't even look at another woman." "Who, who is this woman, who could make such queens out of you?" "The Queen of the Scream Queens, Linnea Quigley, Linnea Quigley, Linnea Quigley, Linnea Quigley..."

LINNEA QUIGLEY Interview

By Ted A. Schus

TB: OK Linnea, let's start out with your early acting career. Where did it all begin, how did you get your first acting job?

LQ: How I first got started... Oh God, just doing it. Going on auditions, getting the *Drama Log* which is a newspaper in California. Then I took acting classes.

TB: Do you remember the first film you did?

LQ: The first one? It probably was **SUMMER CAMP**.

TB: How did the film do?

LQ: It went OK. It was a summer **MEATBALLS** type of movie. I'm sure it did fine for them.

TB: How did you land the part of Trash in **RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD**?

LQ: Auditioning.

TB: What did you have to do?

LQ: Well I had to go in first of all and read for the casting lady and when they liked me they called me in to read for the director, producer and casting director...I had to dance and do all the dialogue.

TB: How was the shoot? I heard it was rather "difficult" for some of the actors.

LQ: Yes it was real rough...it was very cold at night and very uncomfortable.

TB: The scenes you did at the graveyard—were they done outside or did they have an indoor set?

LQ: That was outside. They built the graveyard and they had rain machines and it was very cold.

TB: It must have been, you were naked, and under mud. Were there any real horror stories during shooting or any funny gags?

LQ: A few. There's the stairs going down to the basement. The actress that played Tina, who is Beverly had to step on a collapsing stair. The stair was rigged to collapse. She knew where the false stairs were so every time instead of acting normal about going down there she would, you know, hesitate. So they moved the stair that would collapse to another stair. So she took a real tumble.

TB: Did she get hurt?

LQ: She got real bruised up. She wasn't very happy and didn't trust them very much after that.

TB: I have to go back and watch that scene again after knowing this. Anything else?

LQ: All kinds of fun stuff. Something was always going on like actors getting made, people getting hurt. I think Chu Gulager broke his toe during



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one of those scenes when they fight and Thom is blinded.

TB: During the fight in that small church section?

LQ: Right. The small church. Chu broke his toe and then Thom Matthews fell and hurt his head really badly.

TB: The fight scene turned out to be a little more realistic than planned.

LQ: Yeah.

TB: Even when you weren't in the scene, did you stay around the set?

Bride meets Scream Queens, Linnea and Brooke Stevens





The Halloween party, above!

LQ: A lot of the time I was.

TB: We've got girls falling down stairs, broken toes, smashed heads, what's next?

LQ: Cal's brains.

TB: What?

LQ: You know that guy that's got flippers for arms. He wasn't in it as much as I thought he would be. He had to eat a raw calf's brain. That was pretty sick. You don't see it so well in the movie but he didn't look too good afterward.

TB: YUCK! (laughs) That's the worst part of something like that. You spend an hour talking the poor guy into eating a real brain and then you don't use it in the film.

LQ: Yeah, if you have to do it they should at least leave it in.

TB: Absolutely. Well anyway, what else happened to you during all this.

LQ: Well let me think... Oh, when I was buried in all that mud they actually had to bury me... I couldn't breathe or anything and it seemed like forever until they yelled ACTION. Everybody was real quiet—they didn't know if I was dead

under there or what.

TB: You were actually submerged under all that stuff?

LQ: Well yeah, they dug a hole. I got into the hole and then they covered me up with all the mud. I had to wait until they called ACTION and I de-



initely wanted to get it in one take 'cause I didn't want to go back in there again.

TB: Did you get it in one take?

LQ: YEAH!

TB: Did you have anything on at all or were you completely naked?

LQ: Completely naked. They didn't have showers out there so they used a fire hose and hosed me off (laughs).

TB: Is RETURN the biggest budget film you've done so far?

LQ: I think so. It was a lot of fun AFTERWARDS but during production it was a physically demanding part.

TB: Yes but your part as Trash and that dance on the tombstone immediately rocketed you to instant success as one of the B-movie queens. On RETURN how were the other actors to work with?

LQ: They were good... they were real good. James Karen and Don Callis—they were fun.

TB: Did Tom Fox, the producer and Don O'Bannon, the director get along? Was it a smooth set to work on?

LQ: Yeah, it seemed like it.

TB: After RETURN, how long was it all your next job?

LQ: A couple of months I think. I think it was TREASURE OF THE MOON GODDESS. We went to Mexico for that one and then took almost

SLAUGHTERHOUSE INTERVIEWS VIC NOTO



We needed someone who wasn't afraid to speak his mind, to tell it as it is. So we sought out actor **Vic Noto**, the Rambo gone to hell in **STREET TRASH**, king of the junkyard, the cult hero. We found Vic shooting a film on Manhattan's west side and between takes he shares insights about independent films and what effect being "Street Trashed" has on the man behind the legend.

"I like to create. You see the difference between an independent film and a high budget film is a high budget film is a bunch of robots, man, and you can't swap creativity too much because if you do, you tell one person you've got an idea, they've got to tell ninety thousand other people, and when it gets to the main guy, he asks twenty other people "what should we do?". It's like computerized bullshit.

The whole idea of being an actor is being able to create and there's not too many creative actors today. They think they are, but they're not. I don't want to be a robot like the rest of them, so I like to have my input, I always have some input in the film.

ORIGINALLY I HAD WRITTEN DOWN A LOT OF QUESTIONS TO ASK YOU ABOUT YOUR ROLE AS BRONSON, THE CRAZED VET IN **STREET TRASH**, AND THEN FOUND OUT YOU HAD ALMOST COMPLETELY REWRITTEN YOUR DIALOGUE, AND WERE DRAWING OFF OF YOUR OWN EXPERIENCE.

I wrote a lot of my own stuff, I do that a lot of the time.

HOW ABOUT THE SCENE AT THE END WHERE YOU'RE CHASING THE HERO DOWN THESE STAIRS, AND A BOTTLE OF THE DEADLY "VIPER" IS THROWN AT YOU, YOU'RE YELLING "WHAT DID YOU THROW AT ME? DEAD MAGGOT SHIT?"

It's funny. The kid right below the stairs was supposed to be pitching these bottles at me, you know, break away bottles, and this kid was scared of me. I mean actually scared of me. There were a lot of people that were scared of me as a person, which is very fuck'n strange, I'm a nice person ya know, but they think I'm crazy, psycho, or what ever, I'm an actor you know. But the point is he was, like, afraid to really throw this break away bottle. He was afraid to throw it at me, he was hitting my shoulder and all that. It was ridiculous. Then the director said "Fuck this," and he just took the thing, and threw it right in my face, and it

STREET TRASH: LARRY FORD

broke in the first take. The director (Jim Murre) is a very cool kid, ya know. A lot of people get frightened of me, just looking the way I do, just the way I look. You know, you walk into an agent's office, or producer's office, to read for a part, the producer gets nervous and says "We just paid you guys last month." This happens all the time. "I'm here for the fuck'n part." It's very... I dunno, I'm a rugged male, and they have a hard time dealing with that because I'm thirty years too late in this business. Use'ns have Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, they used to have rugged guys. Now they don't, they have all these pretty boys and they're trying to turn them into tough guys, which is a bunch of bullshit, so what happens with guys like me nowadays, is I can't play like a real leading man, because I'm too tough looking. So I have to play the bad guy all the time.

YOU MEAN YOU BECAME PIGEON HOLED BY THOSE ROLES?

That's it man, exactly. (At this point Vic had to finish shooting, the sun was beginning to set, and the director was anxious to catch the remaining sunlight. After wrapping up the scene Vic returned, eager to pick up where we had left off.)

ing a lot of stuff, they liked my work. I play a bartender, and the producer allowed me a lot of freedom away from the script, I stayed in context, but I was able to throw in my own touches. There's some very funny stuff in that film.

SO YOUR OWN CHARACTER HAD A CHANCE TO SHOW THROUGH IN THE ROLE?

Definitely. **THAT'S ONE OF THE ASPECTS THAT MADE BRONSON IN STREET TRASH SO INTERESTING.**

Well, there's a funny story on that thing. There were two hundred guys that wanted that role, they wanted a big guy like 6'11" tall, I was the shortest fuck'n guy, and I looked around and say all these fuck'n dudes, and you know what? I felt I have this part. I knew I was gonna take this part from all these guys. I knew it. First of all they couldn't act right, they just laddered themselves, they probably did some third grade play, twenty years ago. Alright, so they're coming in there, they think they're actors. But they didn't have what I have, this intensity which is in my gut, you can't learn in any acting school, and I never took any acting lessons in my life. When I went to the audition I found the production manager,



Vic takes time out to sign autographs for the fans.

Frank Farel. I didn't even know him, I told him I'm going to act a little off the wall, crazy. Because there's a lot of people, they get a resume and a picture, and they just got out of fuck'n Bellevue with a straight jacket and they "Oh I wanna be an Actor", and their fuckin' crazy you know. So I explained to him I'm not really crazy, but the part calls for psycho. I'm gonna go in there and give them shit. I went in there, I was reading with this guy, and I ended up grabbing him up against the wall and all that. I did a theatrical take out and

"...there's a lot of people, they get a resume and a picture and they just got out of Bellevue with a straight jacket and "Oh, I wanna be an actor"

YOU WERE RECENTLY INVOLVED WITH THE RUN DMC FILM?

That's going to come out, yeah.

WHAT WAS YOUR ROLE?

I was a bartender. I was a crazy bartender. The producer had seen STREET TRASH at the Ziegfield with like two thousand other people. I wasn't there. I was with some bimbo in Florida, my schedule allowed for me to go. Anyways, when I got back, the producer had seen STREET TRASH and called me, and took me into the Run DMC film. I may be working with that film company do-



Photo by James O'Neil

left. They liked what I did, on my way out I heard them all laughing when the production manager told them it was a gag. Two weeks later, I read again. The director (Jim Muro) told me it was between me and another guy. He said "I'll call you back in two days." fine. That was the end of it. It was a dead issue. Two weeks later, they called me up on a SUNDAY NIGHT, like eleven o'clock at night!!), and told me I had the role. What happened was they had another actor, the producer wanted, but he was a maniac for real. So they had to fire him and I got the part. It's one of those things, and it's into other things, and those lead into other things. The whole thing about this business is: you read for these 'big' producers, and it doesn't mean shit. They've got to see your work, do something like STREET TRASH, and then they say "Where the fuck have you been."

WE WERE JUST WATCHING SOMEONE'S COPY BEFORE WE CAME OVER TO TALK WITH YOU.

I have to watch a copy, ok. The Vestron Company they don't like to give the actor's free fuckin' tapes. I mean I guess if I went up there to Connecticut and asked them, and

grabbed them and threw them up against the wall, they'd probably give me one. A lot of times they don't want to know you after you do the film. I'm not saying that happened with the STREET TRASH people, they relinquished it. It wasn't theirs anymore. They gave it to Vestron, they made their deal, and that was the end of that. The people I worked for directly, they couldn't get any tapes either.

SO YOU STILL SPEAK WITH THEM AND ARE ON GOOD TERMS?

Oh yeah definitely. good people. It's very strange in this business, asking people sometimes and they'll close the door in your face, but when they need you they'll call you up: "Vic, I need ya, I need this type of guy yesterday." But I don't let that shit bother me. I'm not a phony, I'm a real person, and I don't put any bull-shit out. If the producers treat me right, I'll break my back for them.

IN STREET TRASH YOU HAD SOME GREAT SCENES IN THE JUNKYARD.

The one thing, ya know, was I was sitting there on this junkyard throne, I think it was the Brooklyn, Queens area, it wasn't far from the airport, and in this one particular day

we were shooting, and these fuck'n planes kept going over and over, I was in the middle of dialogue, and whatever the hell happened, the sound guy kept cutting. I can't deal with this, so between this and that, what I ended up doing was, my character, Bronson, is a Vietnam vet, and his mind is still into the military, so when the plane went by, I shouted AIR SUPPORT which is like my fuck'n psychosis, being supported by the fuck'n air troops. They loved it, they panned the plane going overhead, and left it in the film.

THE FLASHBACKS WERE PRETTY FUNNY. THE VIETNAMESE VAMPIRES.

And I shaved my head. THAT WAS YOU?

Oh yeah. It just happened that the Vietnam flashbacks ended up on the last day of shooting, which was good. It was my idea, shave the beard. They said "Really?", of course, make me look younger, make the character look different.

I HEAR THE VIDEO HAS SOLD WELL SINCE ITS RELEASE.

They're doing well. RKO Video sells them for \$80.00 a piece and they always run out of them.

(Continued on page 58)

"...they don't like to give the actor's free tapes. I mean I guess if I went up there and asked them and threw them up against the wall they'd probably give me one."



Zombies Invade Catholic High School, Military called in!

O'Gore productions stages take over of New Jersey school to film 'GHOUL SCHOOL' trailer.

"The first day of shooting was almost a disaster. The school we were using backed out at the last minute." As the crew set up at their new locale, director Tim O'Rawe checked out the outside of the school. "It won't be as good as our first choice, but we have to make do. He (the school's superintendent) suddenly changed his mind. I don't think he realizes that this isn't daddy in the backyard filming junior in the sandbox. I don't care anymore, we're here and we'll do it."

This was but the first of several problems faced and overcome by O'Gore Produc-



Most seeking zombies Mike Finamore and Frank Santangelo are discovered hanging around the playground.

tions, made up of New Jersey filmmakers Tim O'Rawe, Kathleen Heidinger, Mike Raso, Jeff Faoro and John Fedele. The entourage have a

project titled **GHOUL SCHOOL** on their hands and with a little luck and an investor, this number should end up on the store shelves in no time.

O'GORE PRODUCTIONS

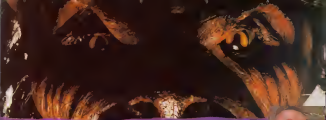
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ROCKY MOUNTAIN **MONSTER MAKER**



*A werewolf on Main Street!
A demon possessed video
monitor in hotel! A psychic
possessed Brain Monster in the
Denver Library! Someone in
Colorado is making monsters.*

By George Figma



"LONE WOLF"

"LONE WOLF" is directed by John Gallas, a Hollywood producer and Clio Award winner who is making his feature film debut with this film, and the script was written by Michael Krueger. We know a werewolf is behind the brutal deaths and disappearances of students at Fairview High. But who is the monster committing the horrifying and grotesque murders? Joel, a computer genius, and his protégé, Julie, try to solve the mystery by feeding all the strange occurrences and possibilities into a computer to find a pattern.



His name is Michael Krueger and he's the president of First Films, Inc. and its subsidiary, Flash Features. Located in Denver, this million dollar, publicly held company is...well, as Michael puts it, "Dedicated to becoming the new force in independent motion picture production."

Michel Krueger's name is probably known to many readers as the past Editor and Co-publisher of **FANTASTIC FILMS MAGAZINE**. He's a filmmaker with a lifelong interest and involvement with the art and history of horror and science fiction.

Until recently, with the launching of its first feature, Hans Holzer's **THE AMITYVILLE CURSE**, (directed by Michael Krueger), First Films has focused on the growing home video and foreign markets.

Since its inception, Flash Features has produced three movies and released them for worldwide distribution through Prism Entertainment and Fox/Lorber Associates: **MIND KILLER**, **NIGHT VISION** and **LONE WOLF**.

MIND KILLER was released on video in January of 1988, and licensed to HBO and Cinemax for a one year period beginning July. **NIGHT VISION** was released on video also in July; production on **LONE WOLF** was completed in April, with release date of September this year. In its brief history, the company has already earned a reputation for producing quality films, thanks in large part to producers Sara Liles, Doug

Olsen, and executive producer A.B. Goldberg.

First Films owns the motion picture rights to Hans Holzer's novel **THE AMITYVILLE CURSE** by far the company's most ambitious project to date, began in July of this year. Filming is scheduled to commence later in the year. A.I.P.'s 1979 film **THE AMITYVILLE HORROR**, though not a prequel to **THE AMITYVILLE CURSE**, remains

the all time film rental champion from an independent production company, reeling in a whopping \$35,000,000.00 in domestic film rentals alone and is still one of the 20 highest grossing movies of all time.

Since First Films went public, the films they have completed were placed in both the home video and foreign markets by Flash Features via PRISM ENTERTAINMENT. Special effects on all three

films were created by Vincent Quastini, Patrick Denver, and Paul Rielly, and coordinated by Ted A. Bohus.

With the multimillion dollar THE AMITYVILLE CURSE just around the corner, (which will be, as Michael puts it, "A true Gothic Horror film that we hope will scare the daylights out of you."), FIRST FILMS is a stable, quality independent film company that readers will be seeing more from.



Head Honcho Michael Krueger

"MINDKILLER"



MINDKILLER: Mind over matter gives poor Warren's brain a life of it's own.

Their first project was MIND KILLER. (directed and co-written by Michael Krueger), a horror film (liberally laced with comedy) about a lonely and socially awkward young librarian named Warren who wants to better himself. In the basement archives of the library, he finds a scientific manuscript that teaches how to develop the full potential of the brain, leading to total mind control. Warren begins using his new mind control skills to his advantage, especially with women. But the more he exercises his mind's new found powers, the more he changes. His brain literally gets too big for his head so it breaks free from its confines. The mutated Brain Monster viciously goes after Warren's friends. The question then becomes, "Who can save them now?" Only someone with a mind superior to the Brain Monster.



"NIGHTVISION"

The crew filming NIGHTVISION



In "NIGHT VISION" (Directed by Michael Krueger) Andy, a young struggling writer moves from his small hometown to "The Big City" to pursue his career. But soon after his arrival, he is given a TV & VCR by a petty thief named Winnie. Out of gratitude for Andy's saving him from a band of toughs. Unaware that the equipment was stolen from the scene of demon worship and bizarre sacrificial rituals, Andy is awakened by it every night and, spellbound, watches scenes of gruesome murders and horrifying demonic worship. Finally, his stories begin to predict future crimes, and he can no longer tell whether he is the killer or the next victim.

NIGHTVISION, Demonic worship, Possessed VCR's, and Obsession.



CAN'T GET ENOUGH SLEAZE?

BY CHARLES KILGORE
and TERRY KLINE

Despite the proliferation of exploitation titles on video, many rental outlets deal with one large distributor that may only stock the most commercial studio releases. Fans of the obscure are not a large enough part of the market for most shop owners to attempt to reach. But we have a few suggestions on how to find the store that is right for you.

1 **Bypass suburban-area stores.** Large chains serving the suburbs are great for finding *Sixteen Cups* of the last John Hughes sitcom, but usually offer a paltry selection of

horror/exploitation films. Films which never rent are often shipped out to other branches in favor of more commercial fare.

2. **Check out inner-city stores.** Just as inner-city grindhouses offer the best exploitation video stores in depressed neighborhoods offer their customers the rawest, most outrageous videos available. Look for such treasures as *Black Ghetto* and *Spirit On Your Corpse*. If you're afraid of venturing into the ghetto, put this magazine down NOW and go buy a copy of *Prehensile*. If you live in the ghetto, the secret is out and your favorite video store will be overrun with ripples the next time you visit.

3 **¿Se habla Español?** For some reason, video stores with a large percentage of Spanish-speaking customers seem to stock loads of offbeat horror movies. If you can speak Spanish, you're twice as lucky, for there are always dozens of obscure horror titles tucked inside the Spanish-language

racks.

4 **Diversify!** Don't just check the "Horror" category for titles. *Combat Shock*, a bloodbath sure to please the most hardcore gorehound, may be found under "Action" or "Adventure." If the store has a "Mature" or "Adult" (ha, ha) section, look for *Black Cobra* or *Paranoia*, two sleazy Italian imports from Joe D'Amato and Umberto Lenzi, respectively.

5 **Take over the local video store.** Convince your local video merchant that you know which titles will rent the most. If he/she has ten copies of *Over The Top* on the shelf, your job is easy. If you have friends (not very fucking likely if you're reading this rag), enlist them to demand the same titles. This technique is more likely to work at a "Mom 'n' Pop" store, the chain outlets generally have central purchasers whose job is to saturate the franchises with excess (i.e., any) copies of *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*.

Cannibalistic Children, Religious Fanatics and the Mob... this is GOBLINS.

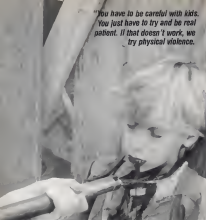
BY TIM STRINE

Mik Cribben has been in the film business for over 20 years. His credits include assistant director on Academy Award nominated **NESTER STREET** as well as second unit work on **ANNIE** and **THE EYES OF LAURA MARS**. He has worked on production, effects, sound and as cinematographer on such horror films as **SQUIRM**, **NIGHTMARE** (in which he also acted), **THE DEADLY SPAWN** and **THE ANCIENT MAN**. **GOBLINS** is Cribben's first time out as director.

GOBLINS is the story of cannibalistic children, religious fanatics and frightened townspeople which climaxes with a spectacular final confrontation between them all. It promises to be an innovative, hair-raising horror film. **SLAUGHTERHOUSE** interviewed Cribben, Wedner and Koslow earlier in the year while production was still in progress on **GOBLINS**. **SLAUGHTERHOUSE**: Why did you want to make your own film?

CRIBBEN: Basically, we were approached by the mob. Oh, you want me to tell you the real story? I'm a filmmaker. I've worked on a lot of horror films





"You have to be careful with kids. You just have to try and be real patient. If that doesn't work, we try physical violence."

and non-horror films. I've acted in them, been camera man, soundman, make-up girl, everything. And I've wanted to make my own film. I actually wanted to produce and shoot films and had a couple of deals come real close but the deals always fell through. So I said to myself if I'm going to go through all that work and effort to put something together, I might as well do it myself.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE: Where did the idea for *Goblins* come from?

CRIBBEN: We spent a year looking at scripts. We had one script that Michael and Ellen had that never came together but we found a whole bunch of wonderful actors. We just kept reading scripts; 110 of them. About 105 you wouldn't wipe your buns with and the other five were too expensive for us to do. I had been involved in a script with a man named Fred Sharkey from New Jersey which was originally called *SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN*. And this script was so

much better than all the other stuff. And now it's *GOBLINS*.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE: How does a "low budget" affect production?

CRIBBEN: It was all non-union, we had very little

"If I get the big call from the Coast, I'm history. I'd have an 18 year old bimbo in a house in Malibu."

money. It's filmmaking on the seat of your pants. I'm not directing, shooting, acting and editing because I don't think I'm another Orson Welles. It's because I can't afford to pay someone to do those things. We're maxed out on our credit cards. The only thing we use money for is to buy film and now we don't have enough money for that. I just made a deal for the last bunch of film. We're using short ends that are like 30 or 60 seconds long that were left over from *"Jaws III"*. I have a friend who just happened to have them and we're sort of trading services.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE: Did shooting over a long period of time cause any problems in continuity?

WEDNER: Yes, it's hard to get extras to remember what happened six months ago. Another problem is continuity in the crew and keeping the morale up. People are afraid we're never going to finish. We're also working with children who have the incredible misfortune of growing over a year. **CRIBBEN:** We've been asking their parents not to feed them but they haven't been complying. One of the kids just happens to be at that age that grew 12 1/2 inches during the course of the winter. We're making him do all the scenes on his knees.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE: You've joked about being approached by the mob to do a movie. Did that ever really happen?

CRIBBEN: Yes, I actually once had a meeting with the mob about offering money on a movie. I was there in the strange situation of trying to talk them out of it. I was trying to tell them what a bad investment movies were, I thought. God what if something should happen and the film gets ruined in the lab or something like that. It's one thing having an angry investor, it's another thing having an angry investor who carries a gun. I was in a room with 12 men and every single one had a gun on them. I was trying to tell them real estate, put your money in real estate. The film business is terrible. It's a crap shoot. It was a very strange experience.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE: You had another strange experience while working on a horror film called *NIGHTMARE*. What happened there?

CRIBBEN: It had been cast down in Florida and my company was supplying the equipment and crew for it. I was working on sound, special effects and production. The first day of shooting it became apparent that two of the lead actors were absolutely awful. They were fired that day and the next night they cast me. It



"HOW MANY TIMES I TOLD 'M BOY, THE WOOD, CHOP UP THE WOOD, NOT THE WOMEN."

was sort of like he [the director] looked around the crew to see who might fit the part. So besides working on effects, sound and production I ended up acting in the movie as well. It was very strange to be recording sound in a scene and to be acting in the same scene. I had to set the mikes and my assistant would actually record the sound. Then I'd go to the director to ask the actor to speak up. Then the director would come over to me and say "Mik would you speak up." And I'd speak up.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE: You worked with a lot of children in *GOBLINS*. Was that a nightmare?

CRIBBEN: You have to be a little careful with kids. You can't put a squib on a kid. At least not until the last scene. We may need them again. You just have to try and be real patient. If that doesn't work, we try physical violence. Nah, just kidding. Teaching has been something of a sideline that I've done so I think that sort of helped with doing this. I also taught in the New York City

public schools, that's a horror story in itself. They are all [the kids] fans of horror films.

WEDNER: They were fascinated the first time we did special effects. We finished shooting and told them they could have a break [The kids had been on the set all day]. We told them they could all have a soda [that was before we wired up and stopped giving them so much sugar] they didn't want

"We have no social life. We've lost all our friends, even the ones we haven't borrowed money from."

to leave the set. They've all seen horror movies. They know Freddy and Jason, they've seen all the big horror films. They're just fascinated to see that it isn't real. We had body parts and they wanted to wear them and play with them and touch them and throw them at their parents who were ready to kill them.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE: Would you consider 'selling out' and moving to Hollywood and into

the studio system?

WEDNER: He wants to make his movie, he doesn't want to be in a position where other people are telling him how to make his movie.

CRIBBEN (Jokingly): That's not true. I want to sell out but nobody's buying. I have a lot of friends who moved out to Hollywood and they tell me about the coke snorting and the limbo who'll screw any director who's doing any kind of film, but nobody's offered me any kind of job out there yet. If I get the big call from the coast, I'm history. I'd have an 18 year old bimbo in a house in Malibu. Seriously, I like living in New York.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE: Has making *GOBLINS* affected your personal life at all?

CRIBBEN: We're totally obsessed. We haven't gone out to the movies. We have no social life. We've lost all our friends—even the ones we haven't borrowed money from. My father thinks I'm a dentist. I'm assuming he won't read this article and my secret is safe.



REVIEWS



SLAVE GIRLS FROM BEYOND INFINITY Urban Classics A Ken Dixon Film

The slave girls come from a galaxy far away only to become enslaved and undressed by every sleaze ball this side of the cosmos. You'll end up wishing you were the alien slave that gets to tie these girls up and perform the nasty duties. Cows, these slave girls ain't.

—Roy Welfinger

Ramp Asst.



Mark Of The Devil (Lightning Video)

When this notorious German/British torture flick was

originally released to theaters, its distributor garnered extra publicity by handing out vomit bags imprinted with the film's logo. The barf bag is missing from this video release, but all of the sadism and gore is intact. Those accustomed to the intense violence of more recent horror films will need no vomit bag, but only hard-core fans of cinematic sadism will be able to watch *Mark Of The Devil* without wincing. This ode to human cruelty is based on actual historical occurrences, making the film far more disturbing than the usual wallow in sadistic excesses.

Unsnightly **Reggie Nalder** (Barlow from *Salem's Lot*) is an Austrian peasant who uses the new witch-hunting craze to legitimize his favorite pastime—raping nuns and torturing pretty barmaids who spurn his lecherous advances. His field day ends with the arrival of Jesus Franco cohort Herbert Lom as a famous witch-trial judge. Though it first appears that the judge is a more fair-minded persecutor,

he later proves to be more hellacious and far shrewder than the imbecilic Nalder. His treacherous scam involves accusing wealthy landowners of witchcraft and then extracting bogus confessions by torture. Once the accused confess to his charges, they are forced to sign over their property to Lom and are then burned at the stake. Between the gruesome bits, love interest is provided by Udo Kier (*Andy Warhol's Frankenstein*) as a sincere disciple of the judge who eventually discovers the corruption, and Olivera Vuto as a victim of the witchfinder's cruelty.

But *Mark Of The Devil's* melodramatic plot merely serves as a framing device for its hideous scenes of torture. Fingers are smashed, buttocks are forced onto spiked benches, arms and legs are pulled from their sockets on the rack, and limbs are crushed by weights. In the film's most famous scene, a pretty young victim has her tongue ripped out by pincers. (Actual tortures mentioned in historical records from Hamburg, Germany are even worse: one method of extracting confessions from accused witches are to shove flaming, sulphur-coated feathers into their armpits and groin.) Every scene of torture lingers lovingly on the victim's mutilated bodies, making *Mark Of The Devil* one of the most sadistic, if not the goriest, movies ever made.

Mark Of The Devil was the product of British director Michael Armstrong, who had previously done Frankie Avalon's *Horror House* for AIP. The film's relentless sadism is made more bearable by his lackluster direction and the nondescript acting of Lom, who fails to imbue his character with the slimy menace Vincent Price so ably displayed in *The Conqueror Worm*. Per-

haps the true star of *Mark Of The Devil* is distributor Hailmark's famous advertising campaign, which included the slogan, "Rated 'V' for Violence." Curiously, *Lightning Video* has rejected the original, more exploitive campaign in favor of cover art suggesting in Exorist-type possession tale *Too bad*, for *Mark Of The Devil* was that rare exception—an exploitation film that actually delivered what its lurid ad campaign promised.

—Charles Kilgore

Foams steak

WHO FRAMED RODGER RABBIT?

Toucheat Films/Amblin Entertainment

"The" horror statement of this decade. This film had me screaming in terror, and still suffering from nightmares.

—Roy Wettnar

...too much fat

NIGHTMARE SISTERS

**Trans World
A Dave DeCoteau Film**

Director David DeCoteau seems to know right from the onset the strong point of this film is going to be the sisters and their various stages of undress and punches it home: Linnea Quigley, Brinke Stevens and Michelle McClellan play the possessed sorority sisters and are the one saving grace of this film. The plot is silly and doesn't stray from an overused formula. DeCoteau understands this and thankfully we get to see them strut their stuff through most of the film. *SISTERS* has a few good laughs, the Succubus sisters kill their victims by biting off their wee wee's, causing them to evaporate. Over all fun if you're into exploitation films and of course a must for Linnea Quigley fans.

—Roy Wettnar

Brekes juvy, Detcon.

THE RIPPER United Video

Shot on video, which is a BIG strike against it to start, this modern day take off on the Jack The Ripper legend stars FOX wizard Tom Savini in a

cameo role as "The Ripper." Savini has stated he regrets doing the picture and rightly so. A college professor, while teaching a course focusing on the "original" Jack the Ripper, starts to take on characteristics of the Ripper until he finally turns into crazed butcher himself (in the form of Savini). Savini is with out a doubt, the best part of "THE RIPPER." If you're a Savini fan fast forward to his scenes (they're towards the end) and if you're not, rent **Klaus Kinski's** version. Even that's better.

—Tim Bryne

All Gotic, No Meat.

Death Faces Deluxe Movie Video

No wonder the copyright owners of the popular *Faces Of Death* series threatened Deluxe Movies with a lawsuit—*Death Faces* is an amateurish dud that is about as shocking as a *Nanny* and the *Professor* rerun. An abomination in both style and content, it suggests a failed spoof of the original *Faces Of Death* and its two sequels. And a joke it is, although its makers were apparently serious in marketing *Death Faces* as a new chapter in the series (before the lawsuit, it was known as *Death Faces IV*).

Death Faces is composed of snippets cribbed from other sources, primarily from commercially available videos and public domain libraries. Paded newsreel footage of Chinese opium smuggler executions are mixed with fuzzy, fifth-generation taped clips of cannibals in Papua, New Guinea. The Zapruder footage, Nazi war atrocities, raceway accident scenes that could have been taped from *Wide World Of Sports*, MGM Grand Hotel barbecue footage, and pointless scenes of naked Papuans; all are slovenly flung together, like so much cow flop in a barnyard, to pad out 87 minutes of viewer time. The producers, hiding behind preposterous pseudonyms, stretch out their paltry material by focusing on repetitive actions and allowing

each scene to continue ad nauseum.

Humor is attempted through the use of cheap-looking Radio Shack computer-generated titles, inappropriate background music, and a feeble British-accented narrator. But after recognizing themselves as the butt of a bigger joke, the hapless renters of *Death Faces* will not be amused. Avoid this one like, ahem, the plague.

—Charles Kilgore

Green Meat.



THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES THAT STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME ZOMBIES Camp video A Morgan/Steckler Production

At first I didn't get it, with all the dancing and other things going on. So I consumed a case of beer I found it all made sense: **Cash Flap is God.**

—Roy Wettnar

—Greasy Embos

THE BESERKER Prism Entertainment A Jeff Richard Film

Exactly what is the *BESERKER*? A man that turns into a bear, and not very smoothly at that. How did he come about this bothersome problem? Perhaps Smokey has been fooling around with the other Ranger's wives? No, it's a Nordic curse, and so is this film. Awkward, cumbersome, and predictable, I only wish this film was as preventable as some forest fires.

—Roy Wettnar

Soft Land

LINNEA QUIGLEY VIC NOTO

(Continued from page 44)



Linnea and Ted A. Sabin. do we have to point out who is who.

a 2-year break and went to the Philippines.

TE: Sounds like that film had a pretty good budget?

LQ: It must have. I played a rock and roll singer who gets sent to this country and they mistake me for the Moon Goddess. I get captured and silly things happen.

TE (laughs): Sounds like a real action/adventure film.

LQ: Yeah! And after that one I think I did CREEPOZIDS.

TE: CREEPOZIDS had some makeup and monster effects.

LQ: Yes. I got eaten by a monster and that was it. It was a 12-day shoot.

TE: What was after that?

LQ: I think it was HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKERS.

TE: That was Fred Roy's film. You got to work with Gunner "Leather Face" Hansen.

LQ: Yeah. He was fun to work with. It was a fun film, shot very fast.

TE: How was Fred to work with as a director?

LQ: Fine. You never knew whether to take him seriously or not. It was very confusing.

TE: In CHAINSAW HOOKERS didn't you take a real shot to the head in the scene where the guy slams his head into yours?

LQ: Yes. The first take didn't look real enough. The second time he really hit me. I had a great bruise between my eyes.

TE: Yes, but that looked great. Next up is SORORITY

BABES IN THE SLIMBALL BOWL-O-RAMA. Who directed that?

LQ: David DeCoteau the director on CREEPOZIDS they wanted to use me on this one.

TE: What's next?

LQ: I worked on a film called VICE ACADEMY with Rick Skene. It's a POLICE ACADEMY type comedy. I also worked on a film called DEADLY EMBRACE with David DeCoteau again and Jan Michael Vincent is in it.

TE: What else can we look for over the next few months?

LQ: Let's see... The September issue of Premiere magazine did a photo shoot and interview with me. It's a real good magazine. I just got back from Utah where I did the opening for a video store called Major Video and I have to go to England for the opening of HOLLYWOOD CHAINSAW HOOKER. It's kind of quiet because of the writer's strike. I've been lucky to be working.

TE: It's good for the independents though. We'll probably get a chance to release more films this coming year.

LQ: Yes, this is good for the independents.

TE: Besides acting what else do you like to do? Write direct, model...?

LQ: Yes... Oh, I also just did something for Playboy. I'd like to be on the other side of the camera. I don't want to direct.

TE: Maybe you can help me produce my next film.

LQ: That would be fun!

FOOTAGE WAS CUT WHY?

Yeah they had prostitutes, and a band, and all that, getting arrested. But I was lucky, they only cut one scene on me, and there is a reason for it. The reason was I did some improv, said a certain thing that I say, like I might say what comes off the top of my head, something I invent, a word, or term, I said a lot around the set when we were having lunch, or what ever. One of these fuck'n actor's used that fuck'n line, stole it from me, and got it in the film. His scene was more important than mine. They couldn't cut his scene out, and they couldn't have two guys who are complete opposites saying the same thing. I don't talk to that fucker anymore.

SO WHEN YOU'RE NOT ACTING, WHAT DO YOU DO?

Riding my Harley Davidson. Shovelhead, Superbike.

ANYTHING ELSE YOU'D LIKE TO SAY?

I like to help people. I'm a good guy. After breaking my ass in this business for about seven years, I was getting little guest shots on television shows here and there, but STREET TRASH honestly speaking is the thing that really saved my life.

An anthology

Charles Kilgore's

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SLAUGHTERHOUSE APPROVED

There is only one rational use for 26 inches of color TV screen and that's to watch good, solid horror. When you're not glued to the Sony fire-place, we humbly suggest that you READ. REALITY. From Steven King to Steven Spielberg, from George Romero to George Lucas, all the BIGGIES first got their guts going by reading EC comic books. EC is long gone, but there is a new breed out there, more terrifying than ever, just waiting to be read over and over again. A good book by the new generation of horror writers can give you far worse nightmares than most films could ever hope to achieve. So here they are, the SLAUGHTERHOUSE APPROVED.

GORE SHRIEK

THE COMIC BOOK!

BY
BOB
WEINER

HORROR BREEDING IN UP-STATE NEW YORK, UN-LEASHED ON UNSUSPECTING MASSES!

While the people of the world go about their daily business, little do they know of the viper they harbor in the capital city of Albany, N.Y. They are growing, feeding, and are out of control. They are Fantasy Enterprises, and this is "Gore Shriek" the comic book. One look through this tormented creation and you'll know what demonic minds I speak of.

Let me explain. SLAUGHTERHOUSE calls me in the middle of the night. "Did you get the package? The Gore Shrieks I sent you." "Nothing's come in weeks," I stammer, holding the gun tighter. "God-damn you. I'm two weeks over my deadline already. I'll make sure you never work in this town again!" ...CLICK. I hung up in his car. Yeah, the package had come alright. It was sitting on my coffee table. Staring me in the face. "Gore Shriek." In my home. Head impaled on a limb, a branch



jutting out of the stretched socket. Nuclear waste that infects humans like an alien spaghetti factory. Then came the "Zombie ToothShed," written and drawn by Bruce Spauld-

ing Fuller. And there was more, sweet Jesus, there was much more. Steve Blasette's "Cottonmouth," where a bunch of deadheads (for real), saw a used tampon (of the

"I was in Hell. I couldn't move. I still can't. Maggots and worms were eatin' me alive..."
— Marlene Stevens/Rolf Starke. "KARMA"

Toxic Shock variety) in to this guy's mouth. **"Circular File"** by **Tom Skulan** and **Greg Capullo**. A businessman comes home, and continuously repeats the process of opening his veins an arterial spraying the bathroom. I waited for relief, but none came. To quote **Marlene Stevens** and **Rolf Starke** in **"Karma"**, *I was in hell. I couldn't move. I still can't. Maggots and worms were eaten me alive.*" Truer words



Story, "Circular File"
 © 1988 Tom Skulan.
 Art © 1988 Greg Capullo.

coming out of her doll.

I had let my guard down; never again. I got out my Smith and Wesson and settled back in the chair. I had known for some time they weren't quite right "up there," and this confirmed my suspicions. Strange things were happening out there in Albany, NY. They certainly weren't going to find me just waiting to have my privates sliced, diced and chewed on without a fight. I turned out the light and waited. The gun shook in my hand. The cover seemed to be staring at me, *laughing*. The last thing I remember was firing blindly into the darkness.



Gore Shriek, TM and © 1988 Fantaco Ent. Inc.

were never spoken. In this instance we find this amputee who likes TV so much, we travel up his nose, in to his brain, and into the Television world. Here he is stalked by a hooded killer by the name of John. John wants this guy out of his movie so bad he dices him into brain salad. What waits for him in reality is even bleaker.

These are but a few of the atrocities in this comic book. I later found a poster for **"Mars Attacks"** comics books, before they are in the stores. Not a bad idea I thought. Maybe these guy's aren't as thoroughly gone as I first thought. It even folds into a neat little book. Then I turned back to the cover, and am reminded of what I'm reading, by a cold sweat. A little girl (who kinda looks like my niece) is chewing on these guts and testicles

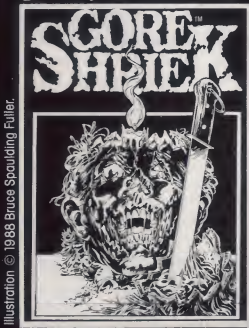


Illustration © 1988 Bruce Spaulding Fuller.

Yeah, the **Gore Shrieks** had arrived alright.

For further information on **"Gore Shriek"**, **"Mars Attacks"**, and other Fantaco publications or products, check your local comicbook store or write:
FANTACO ENTERPRISES INC.
 21 Central Ave.
 Albany, NY. 12210-1391



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PERFORMANCE PIECE

FICTION

—England Whitting

The first move is his. It always is. He acts, they react.

The hall is small, and the stage is kept dark. Sputtering candles show only as faint circles of light behind a sheet of gauze stretched taut across the front of the stage. A figure, silhouetted by the candles, flickers briefly across the gas-saver screen. The club, expectant, quiet.

Taped background music loses all cohesion and structure as it devolves into chaos. Amid random starts, stops, and pauses, a slow, unearthy, rhythmic, ticking crawl, sounding oddly like an overheated motorcycle, cooling by slow degrees in the sun.

A startled curse and the sound of shattering glass provides an introduction as the show begins.

The silhouette reappears, standing directly behind the

gauze curtain. A slight pause and he begins to speak.

"Night youth, Urban pagans, Dwellers in the neon jungle, I call."

Slowly, his palm pushes outward, stretching the semi-transparent cloth separating performer from audience.

"War-spawn, Savage Children, Worshipers of silent brown death, I call."

The shape of his palm and fingers is clearly defined now as he continues to press against the cloth. Like blood seeping through a bandaged, red stain, the size of quarters, begin to appear on his outstretched hand.

"Moral lepers, Intellectual pariahs wallowing in the dark romance of death, I call."

The stains, having merged together, over saturate and run in rivulets down the tawny stretched curtain.

"I call, I call with blood."

His hand suddenly clenches into a fist, gripping the curtain and twisting it into a scarlet knot as he continues the recitation.

"Reject God, Reject the church. Seek the lost heritage of western civilization. Embrace the pagan."

With a swift downward motion, he rips the curtain diagonally across, revealing himself, kneeling, bare chested, in a small circle of light. Stains of torn, red stained cloth hang from his clenched fist, spilling the floor crimson as he glares at the audience before him.

"Reject the corrupter from the east. Reject the legacy of Rome. Reject him that bespoiled our beliefs and holidays, our gods and celebrations. Reject the cur of Nazareth."

As he speaks, the spotlight widens, revealing a solitary crucifix. The un-naturalness of the animal's position on the cross clouds initial identification, producing instead the appearance of some misshapen constrictor nailed haphazardly to the wood. It is only as the dog slowly moves its muzzled head that the full reality of the scene sharpens into focus.

"I had to break his legs to make him fit."

The tension is visible, as people shift uncomfortably in their seats. Some start to leave, ignoring the unrest, he stands.

"There is no rebirth in Christ."

Producing a long, folded knife, he opens it as he moves towards the dog.

"To be reborn..."

Gripping the muzzle with his left hand, he holds the dog's throat exposed. Holding the knife lightly, almost delicately, he traces a line on the animal's upturned throat, parting its fur with the tip of the blade.

"Reborn in the arterial spray of pagan baptism."

The animal's head jerks suddenly backward as he inserts the blade. It falls into its neck with an off-hand, almost casual ease. Working the blade, he

saws it back and forth, severing larynx and arteries as he moves the knife across the growing ruin of the dog's throat. Blood arcs in a hot stream, splashing the side of his face, painting it red in a primal half-mask. Sopping back, he resumes his recital as blood rivers down his naked chest to pool at his feet.

"Born again in blood, born again in strength, born again in the lost gods of our forgotten heritage.

Turning, he slams the knife into the animal's exposed belly. Using all his weight and both arms, he goes to his knees dragging the blade downward, tearing as much as cutting the flesh with an audible ripping sound.

Tottering off balance, the cross falls, dropping the dying animal into his arms.

Intestines spilling, he carries it to the edge of the stage and tosses it to the floor before a cluster of tables.

"Here's your Jesus, your saviour, your corrupter. Dances on his entrails my children."

LOS ANGELES EYE, SATURDAY, JULY 2ND, 1988

New York City performance artist, James Shendan, was arrested last night after a performance in a local club. It has been alleged that during the show, Shendan, mutilated a dog in what some have described as a bizarre ritual. Bail was posted, and the artist has been remanded to his own custody. When reached for comment he issued the following prepared statement. "My performances are statements. Reflections on popular mores and values. Last night's show was only a small segment of a much larger work in progress. This work, a series of performances, titled "Damnation", deals with the subject of my religious and social damnation. Through performance, I become as one removed, outside the narrow confines of society's rigid conceptions.

All this reporter can say is I do hope that Mr. Shendan takes his next performance "outside the confines" of our city

INVITATION ONLY

You are invited to attend the ONLY performance of the next segment in James Shendan's "DAMNATION"

Date: 17 July, 1988

Time: Midnight

Location: Conch Shell Restaurant

Place: Village of Tulum

Quintana Roo

MEXICO

He stands naked before a table upon which lies a monstrously of human decay. This time there is no recitation, no poetry. A few scattered people, some breathing through handkerchiefs to block the stench, look on in silence as he prepares for yet another act in his continuing damnation.

Parting the flesh with his fingers, he enters the putrefying mass. Her flesh begins to rupture and tear around him, releasing an oily corruption of noxious slime that provides the needed lubrication. Pushing now, he distorts a pocket of gas, eliciting an illusory sigh of the grave as she turns her head to face him.

He catches the scream as he wakes aboard a jetliner headed for New York. His pulse calms to the muted conversation of the other passengers.

Sliding back into his seat, he thinks about his return to Manhattan. The strength of his desire to return seems disproportionate when measured against the length of his absence. Four weeks. A week and a half in Los Angeles, with the remainder of that time spent in Mexico.

Los Angeles had been trouble, trouble over an unwanted stray. Nothing more than a street scavenger, dodging angry kicks, loud cars, and rocks. It had since become a scene of celebration for every empty headed cretin in the city. The same hypocrites no doubt, who had wanted the dust and others like him put to sleep just a short time ago. His lawyers had recommended a strategy of postponement.

And then there had been Mexico. Everything he needed

was there. Life was cheap, and death, even cheaper. Mexico had made his damnation real, beyond the artistic bubble and artifice he had paid homage to for so long. It was a reality that had brought with it fear, and the dreams. Always the dreams.

The dreams seem to have a reality more immediate than his memories of the actual event. Perhaps because, for the first time, he'd committed an act during a performance that had frightened him, frightened him badly.

The announcement to fasten seat belts intrudes upon his reverie as the plane begins its approach. Manhattan again at last. Maybe it's time to take a break, to rest upon his laurels for a bit. Perhaps, after time, Mexico and its memories will fade and with them, the dreams.

Gazing out the window into the darkness over La Guardia, he sees his reflection, a new emotion coloring his eyes. Fear.

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1988

The party had been enjoyable. Unfortunately, the girl that he'd gone with, had left almost immediately after entering his apartment.

"Christ, Jim, what died in here?"

"You, if you don't stop fuckin' around."

He swirls on his heel and flops down on a large worn-out sofa. He looks up at her with a lascivious gleam.

"Or maybe I should say, if you don't start fuckin' around."

She turns, glancing at him, and in that precise instant he sees a vision of her face as a crumbling mask of rot wanting to be kissed.

"It smells like something died in here, like something rotting."

In his mind, he kisses her rotting lips, his tongue probing. His voice a whisper, he replies, "Yeah, maybe a rat died in the walls."

"C'mon, have a beer an' re-

lax. In a while you won't smell a thing."

Again, she pulls away from him and moves towards the door.

"I'm sorry Jim. This is just too overpowering. Listen, why don't we get out of here go somewhere else?"

Angry now, he yells trying to nail her to the door with his eyes.

"You go somewhere else! I like it here just fine, and it don't fucking smell!"

She leaves. Her voice drifts back to him as she stomps down the hall.

"By the way asshole, your apartment does smell. It smells worse than shit."

Hell he'd been back two weeks, and he hadn't smelled a thing. Nothing. Crazy bitch, wasn't anything to smell. Was there?

It was a deeper, more unnatural silence than he's ever known. As if the figures surrounding him in the darkness were afraid to even breathe. Afraid, perhaps, that life's most basic sound, would somehow profane the abomination being enacted before them. He loved their fear, the silence, it seemed to hush him like heroin, to surround his head with warm cotton and remove him from his surroundings. Isolate him with her. Within her.

His rhythm slowed to a deep probing and withdrawal. Deep. Deeper. Withdraw. Slowly. It was at the point of deepest penetration, just as he paused before beginning the slow withdrawal again, that he felt the blind multitudinous swarming of the worms. Stunned, reviled, mind balanced on the edge, he stood unmoving as some deep, complex part of him shuddered to dark arousal and gave willingly his seed.

He lay on his side, wrapped in a fetal ball of sheets and sweat, starting without seeing, across the moonlit expanse of the loft.

The dreams. Always the dreams, always some added

detail, some forgotten horror. He had hoped that the passing of time would help fade the visions he suffered in his sleep. Instead, they'd intensified. Begun to intrude on his waking thoughts.

And the truth was that her image haunted him. Entered his thoughts unexpectedly and occupied his mind more every day.

He considered how she'd been found, partially buried alongside an infrequently traveled road, a medical caliber bullet lodged in her temple.

Knowing his wants, the two Cubans had brought her to him, shown him what they'd discovered. (murdered.) And he'd bought her from them, nonchalantly purchasing her useless services as one might procure the use of a whore from her pimp.

- Hey Meester, wanna buy my asseter? Indeed.

And then with all the pieces in place, he'd begun to plan the performance.

Throwing off the sheets, he sits on the edge of the bed, thinking, shaking his head. Enough of the past. There were dreams, nightmares to escape, and he knew a perfect means to accomplish that. A means of life, that he'd turned to more and more often.

Rising from the bed, he dresses quickly and moves to the mirror over the dresser to check his appearance. Satisfied, he turns to leave, pausing at the bed just long enough to draw a sheet over the still form on the mattress.

"Jim, look at yourself, your a mess! Here let me help you up, Man you sink! What the hell have you been doing, hanging around the morgue?"

He remembers leaving the apartment. Remembers a blur of clubs, and people and deals, unified by a single purpose: to become as wasted as possible, as fast as possible, on anything he could find.

He'd been lucky, no waiting on the man. Now, hours later, in some nameless bar at closing time, he has a vague

awareness of being hauled to his feet by someone he dimly recognizes.

"Hey Billy."
"No man, Terry. You remember me? I did the music tapes for some of your shows, remember?"

"Shows. Yeah, right.. bitch was dead.. SHOT."

He points his index finger to his temple in a drunken imitation of a gun.

"BANG! go ahead bitch, make my day."

He erupts into helpless laughter.

"Yeah, I heard about that, I think everybody's heard about Mexico."

"Mexico sucks."

Well, Jim-Nob, you are one fucked up cabron, and I think that maybe I should.

"MEXICO SUCKS..YAH HEAR ME?"

"Sure do, Mexico sucks. I still think that I had better take you home."

"Bitch was dead, I know, I screwed her, worms were alive though."

"Right. Man your one sick ticket. Unfortunately for me you also an occasional meal ticket."

"Diet of worms."

"Right, Let's get you back to your apartment."

"Need more."

"Right. Come on King Fobby, I'll drop you home."

**NEW YORK CLARION,
MONDAY,
SEPTEMBER 5, 1988
BIZARRE DEATH SCENE
CONFRONTS COPS**

Police were confronted with a bizarre sight Sunday night as they entered an apartment belonging to underground performance art at James Sheridan.

The artist, dead from a suspected drug overdose, was discovered in his bed embracing the badly decayed body of a unidentified woman, cause of death as yet undetermined.

Mr Sheridan an infamous local character whose performances were almost legendary for their deranged excess, was said to have just returned from a recent trip to Mexico where it is rumored



THE DARK TOWER II: THE DRAWING OF THE THREE

By Stephen King
Donald M. Grant, Publisher

In "The Drawing Of The Three", the second book in the Dark Tower series, Stephen King pulls out all the stops in what proves to be some of the best writing he's done in a long, long time. A much needed splash of cold blood in the face of a writing career grown somewhat stale. "The Drawing Of The Three" has reaffirmed a conviction long dormant, Stephen King is one hell of a talented writer.

Don't get me wrong, I like Stephen King books just fine, I just don't believe that every book the man writes is another triumph in horror literature. "The Tommyknockers", "It", "Christine", "Firestarter", "Cujo", and even "The Stand", to me, were ultimately let-downs. We're talking about the man who wrote "The Shining", "Carrie", "Pet Semetary", and "The Dead Zone", pure gold, each one. Not that the others were bad, they just struck me as being less than what he is capable of writing, but hey, no one hits a home-run every time at bat.

Which brings me back to "The Drawing Of The Three". A friend of mine, never having read any of King's stuff before, bought a copy of this book on my recom-

Book Reviews



mendation. Two days later he's on the phone: "That book was great!". Follow this with about twenty minutes of unabashed praise, during which he tells me he's bought "Misery" on the strength of "The Drawing Of The Three". Now I've yet to read "Misery," but, two weeks later he's on the phone again, this time with a different message: "Hey what gives here, is this the same guy?"

Well, what do I know. Maybe his '89 (?) Plymouth needed major restoration. Maybe his kids need shoes. I don't know. I do know this, when Stephen King is on, no one writes better. And with this book he is ON. "Christine" may have been one nasty little joy-ride, but when the light hits green on this baby it's nothing less than a fire-breathing, nitro burn on a white hot dragstrip to hell.

Brad Whiting

A note. "The Gunslinger", the first book in the Dark Tower series, and "The Drawing Of The Three" are both small press editions with correspondingly small print runs (by mass market standards) and thus are out of print at this time. Take heart however as latest word is that both books are headed for publication on an appropriately large scale.

THE BLOOD KISS Dennis Etchison Scream/Press \$22.50

This is the third book Dennis Etchison has done for the folks at Scream/Press, and like it's brethren, it is a dark, twisted gem indeed. Etchison's work

reflects a tantalizing otherness, an off kilter vision once removed from humanity. This book reads like a collection of vignettes from the dreambook of a sociopath.

Aptly illustrated by J.K. Potter, and beautifully designed by Jeff Connor, (especially the limited edition version) this book is a delight to the connoisseur of dangerous reading.

Scream/Press stuff goes fast, so if you want a copy, better snag one soon.

Brad Whiting

NIGHT VISIONS 5 Collection Dark Harvest \$32.00

The latest Night Visions entry from Dark Harvest lives up to the usual high standards of the series, presenting 30,000 words of all new fiction from Stephen King, Dan Simmons and George R.R. Martin.

First up is Stephen King, whom as I've always suspected, could write about shit and create a good story. And this pretty much what he's done here, with the best of his three entries, "Snakers," a story about a haunted toilet stall.

Of the other two stories, "The Replotts" was short, almost a character study, but enjoyable. And whether or not you'll like "Dedication" may simply be a matter of taste.

Next is Dan Simmons whose first contribution, "Metastasis", is easily the best story in the book. By turns chilling and revolting, this strange, erie tale is one of the most unusual and imaginative I've read in a long while.

"Vanni Fucci is Alive And Well And Living in Hell" is a good though lesser effort. And his final contribution, "Iverson's Pitts," is good, solid story-telling, a nicely done Civil War ghost story spanning three generations.

And lastly, the closing piece here is George R.R. Martin's novella, "The Skin Trade." The most enjoyable read in the book, this fast paced, wolf noir is just plain fun.

The introduction, provided here by Douglas E. Winter, was just that, an introduction, not a discourse. Touching briefly on each of the three contributors and their stories, Mr. Winter's introduction could serve as a primer on an forgotten art form.

At last point, this book is a small press release, and if you would like a copy, you should grab one fast, as it may go out of print rather quickly.

Brad Whiting

SLOB

Ben Miller Siget 10-90

And its cover! Its cover was all BLUD! and CHAINS! and BLUD! and HURLAP! and BLUD! and the CHAIN had BLUD on it! and...and... BLUD!...BLUD!...Ooops, sorry got a little stuck there. Anyway, after reading the praises plastered all over this book, I knew, just knew, that I'd found the best PSYCHO/HORROR/SUSPENSE BOOK EVER!!

But then I read it.

Nathan Stance

COLLECTOR'S GUIDE TO MONSTERS, SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY FILM MAGAZINES

By Bob Michelucci
Imagine Inc. \$9.95

This book serves as my all around bible. I've used it for everything from bidding down overpriced copies of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND from crack addicts, to scaring off fanatic born again Christians. This book is the essential handbook for anyone that seriously into horror



COMICS



WARLOCK #11, Aircel Publishing \$1.70/\$2.00 Can.

The team of Gordon Derry (writer), and Dennis Beaurevais have been growing in leaps and bounds since this series conception, and each issue gets better as it moves along. In this issue the struggle for the grid intensifies, as Zania learns she is to be the chosen one to bring chaos and anarchy to power. Her first step is back to earth. I highly recommend the graphic novel: it reprints issue one thru five and shows just how much the art and story have grown. This is a comic to watch: hip, moody and razor sharp, never predictable Beaurevais' moody air brush works sets just the right tone for Derry's writing.

V FOR VENDETTA #3 DC Comics \$2.00 US/\$2.95 Can.

All I can say about this comic is: it is evil. Evil drips off the pages, and sticks to your hands, making you as responsible for the evil that exists within these pages

MR. MONSTER #3 Dark Horse Comics, \$1.75 US/\$2.25 Can

Michael T. Gilbert's MR MONSTER is back courtesy of Dark Horse, and Doc Searn's diary tells the story of the original MR MONSTER, and the loss of love, and the heavy responsibility of being MR MONSTER. Another reason to believe MR. MONSTER will never die.

DEN #1 Fantagor Press, \$2.00 US/\$2.75 Can

Richard Corban has always been one of the original artists that has tested the boundaries, from his color work in Warren's CREEPY, to his work in underground comics. While it took the rest of the industry years to catch up, Corban has moved on to new directions. Fresh from his series CHILDREN OF FIRE, Corban returns us to his ongoing here DEN (Fans will remember DEN from HEAVY METAL the magazine and the movie), and it looks as though DEN is in real trouble from the onset. Corban teams up with writer Simon Revelstoke to bring us the new adventures. It's great to be able to pick up Corban's work on regular basis, something I can look forward to, consistent quality, not an easy thing to find these days.



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